

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. IV.]

AUGUST, 1840.

[No. 20.]

THE MANAGER'S, THE ACTOR'S, AND THE POET'S
THEATRE.*

We have been anxiously looking for Mr. Bunn's book on *The Stage, both Before and Behind the Curtain*, under the impression that it would most clearly represent the interior of a manager's theatrical operation, and thus account for the exterior failure; the fatal influence of which, on dramatic literature, is still so deeply felt. We are not disappointed: the manager's theatre is here portrayed to the life—with all its unconscious incompetence to the business it undertakes, whether in the higher or lower departments—its want of capital of all kinds, whether intellectual or pecuniary—its confessed subserviency to the declared arrogance of actors—and its acknowledged injustice in every possible shape to every author, accepted or unaccepted, who had incurred the misfortune of having so far cherished dramatic ambition as to become a candidate for stage representation. A career of swindling and robbery, such as characterises no other calling on the face of the earth, is here disclosed and considered with an undisguised effrontery, which was to have been expected from the character of the subject. From all which we have gathered some few particulars.

The manager of a theatre is, in the first instance, a speculator without capital, who takes to the conduct of a stage, for the sake of an arena in which he may live by his wits, and exercise the noble art of thimble-rigging—so long as the proprietors of the house will endure the continuance of the humbug. His utter want of character is, with him, his only stock in trade; and he relies upon it to the utmost possible extent, and finds it answer for a considerable time. As he never had any thing to lose, ultimate bankruptcy presents no terrors at any time; his state, meanwhile, being one of perpetual insolvency. His daily occupation, accordingly, is to cajole on the one hand, and to browbeat on the other—to flatter the actor, and to rebuff the author—to disappoint or mislead the public, and to jeopardize or ruin the renter. He lies, he cogs, he swears, just as it suits his interest, real or imaginary; while acting declines—the drama languishes—and the

* *The Stage, both Before and Behind the Curtain, from "Observations taken on the Spot."* By Alfred Bunn, late Lessee of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden. 3 vols. Bentley, 1840.

children of genius perish for want of food and raiment. Let us not be mistaken as applying these remarks to Mr. Bunn, or to Mr. Webster, or any other individual, in any sense at all personal—but as points simply qualifying the species or genus—the necessary attributes, without which no manager can exist, and be what he professes. By fatal need, these villainous appendages are the native deformities of every unfortunate and altogether despicable wight who trades in the resuits of the arts in which he is not himself sufficiently, if at all, skilled ; if, too, he becomes the proprietor of the artists themselves, as the manager of a theatre does and must, his position is all the more perplexing, and his influence still more pernicious.

Let the manager be a first-rate actor also ! Well—the experiment shall be tried. With what result ? The gratification of the great actor's vanity was provided for—he appeared in the characters he best liked, and in the pieces that he preferred—he shelled such of his brethren as he would remove, and when their removal was most convenient to himself—played fast and loose with authors just as it suited his own private objects ; and ultimately admitted no poet to his stage, but some two or three long-standing personal friends whom it was impossible to refuse. This is the dark side of the picture—but it had a bright side also. He undertook to revive Shakspere, but not reverently ; Shakspere purified, but not restored to perfect purity. He deluded himself with the vain imagination that the actor was wiser than the poet. One good, however, he did ; he consecrated spectacle as the servant of poetry, and so far rendered it less possible to become again its substitute. For this good a grateful public showed its gratitude by securing him from the loss that might have attended the venture ; and had he proceeded on still higher principles, would have rewarded him with the largest possible amount of profits. But this it did not—for he had fallen short of his vocation.

When all this was over, the actor and his friends were satisfied ; they even declared that a triumph had been won. But men of the highest taste and greatest genius were dissatisfied. The poets, above all, felt themselves wronged, for they at first had conceived hopes from the respectability of his character and his talents, but were compelled at last to exclaim, that no trust was to be put in a leading tragedian. When we say poets, we mean, not men who had dreamed of being such, but who were really such ; and who at length made their claims so manifest that the most talented of the actor's friends, whose pieces he had produced, were fain to confess that the unacted drama was superior to that which had succeeded in procuring representation.

Such are the two pictures ! and how unsatisfactory. Both of them are gorgons before which the drama is struck stone-dead :—and well it may be so, for from the beginning things were not thus. In the early ages of the drama, the poet was the monarch of the scene.

The fountain-head of most of the faults that infest the theatres lies in the fact of their being in this country the subject of private speculation, and, therefore, considered only as sources of profit to the speculator. This is the reason why every one undertaking this responsibility becomes, however he begin, a scoundrel of the darkest die—the reason why he is despised and betrayed by the performer, who extorts from

him whatever he can get, under the just impression that no man has the right to be proprietor of another man's talent, and make a large profit out of genius which is not his own. Mr. Bunn tells us that this evil arises from the fact of the English not being a dramatic or theatrical people. This is an extraordinary assertion to be made of a land which boasts of a Shakspere! But grant it; there has been a cause for this defect; and this cause has been the discouragement of dramatic authors. Manager and actors have scrambled for the profits of theatres between them, and both have done without authors so long as they possibly could. This is the true secret; opera, ballet, and spectacle had been all along permitted to substitute the poet, who was dishonestly thrust out of doors in consequence; and accordingly the theatre has been left by people of taste and breeding as the fit resort of those of none. Nor can it be expected that a mere speculator will take a theatre from an abstract love of the drama—will go to the expense of creating a taste for its highest efforts—and wait until the tide, so long since diverted, shall turn in his favour. If it be impossible or inexpedient here so to connect the stage with the state, that it shall be, in a great measure, supported out of the public taxes, yet much might be done for it by an association of the patrons of dramatic genius, who, as the condition of their assistance, should require the fulfilment of a certain contract; and, in particular, that a specific sum should every season be paid to dramatic authors for a stated number of new pieces, in regulated proportions—whether for tragedy, comedy, or farce—the choice of the pieces being confided to a man of undoubted judgement and poetic feeling—if of received dramatic genius, all the better—limiting, in that case, the number and run of his own productions, thus precluding him from taking all the field to himself. On such a plan as this, we should recognize the existence and influence of a laudable and worthy purpose—and, depend upon it, all the objectionable parts of the actor's character would subside with the occasions that have hitherto provoked them into undue prominence.

Mr. Bunn confesses, what lately the manager of one of our theatres confessed to ourselves, and afterwards had the meanness to deny, that the performers are the masters of the manager—and a pretty set of masters they are—as the following description may testify:—

" Her Majesty's dominions do not contain a funnier set of people than actors, a great portion of whom are styled, by courtesy, Her Majesty's servants. Their avocation, to be sure, is drollery; and if it were confined to its proper place—the stage—we should have no cause of complaint; but that is the very last place where they seek to be amusing. If a man who has dealings with them will but call in to his aid a sufficient degree of philosophy (of course he will stand in need of more than an ordinary quantity), he will find them the most diverting set of creatures in existence; and when he has exhausted all the patience at his command, he will find them something else. Taken as a body, and standing apart, as they do, from the rest of the community, they must be judged by rules of their own creation to be understood; but if examined upon the principles that regulate society at large, they are altogether unintelligible. They are the most obsequious, and yet the most independent set of people upon earth—their

very vitality is based upon ‘the weakest of all weakness—vanity,—almost every sentiment put into their mouths is at variance with every action of their lives—their whole existence is an anomaly. The feverish state of excitement upon which their fortunes depend is a perpetual drawback to any exercise of the judgement they are supposed to possess. Their occupations bring them for ever before a tribunal, whose opinion, being decisive for the moment, induces them to mistake temporary approbation for permanent respect, without once referring to circumstances. They virtually serve two masters—their employer *behind* the curtain, and the spectator *before* it; but upon the established principle of not being in reality able to serve both at one time, they select, in all cases of emergency, the one they deem the most powerful—*vox populi* is with them *vox Dei*. That mysterious line of light across the stage (yelept, in theatrical phraseology, the float,) through whose rays such a false colouring is for the most part given, appears to them to establish a strong-hold of their own, which may set at defiance any other upon earth. The framer of our language must have had a performer in his eye, when he compiled the word—**SELF!** for performers never think of any thing else. Compliant beyond measure when making engagements, insolent in the extreme when they have once obtained them, and in the exercise of the duties belonging to them, they verify that couplet of Churchill at every turn,—

‘On this great stage, the world, no monarch e'er
Was half so haughty as a monarch-player.’

“The dramatic literature of the country, for any neglect of which a manager is at all times unceremoniously belaboured, lies entirely at their mercy—the feelings of an author are solely dependent upon their disposition—the welfare of the theatre they are bound to is balanced upon their pleasure. In all this, **SELF** is the mighty ruler—**SELF** the predominant feature. An actor, who, from his peculiar position, has the power, will sometimes bind down his employer by an article of engagement that renders the very opening of the doors almost a personal favour on his part. If you fulfil such article, you injure the profession at large, and every other member of it; if you do not, you injure him—at all events in his own opinion. Clamorous as a hungry dog until you place him favourably and perpetually before the public—the moment you do so, he complains of being over-worked.”

The vanity of authors and actors is, according to Mr. Bunn, not to be compared but contrasted—that of the latter being so out of all relative measure. Mr. Bunn, however, from the false elevation of managerial authority, looks down on both with equal contempt. He evidently wishes us to imply that the unaccepted plays, proffered for performance during his management, were not eligible for performance. On the contrary, we *know* that there were many with such claims upon the stage as should not have been neglected. Such as were accepted also were produced under unfavourable circumstances. Thus, after having exhausted the town with the spectacle of *The Jewess*, the *Provost of Bruges* was permitted to linger a few nights at the end of a season, and accordingly failed to bring profit to the treasury. But

were not the public told as distinctly as possible by the manager's arrangements that this play was not designed for the attraction of the season, but merely a *succedaneum*. The conductor here, too, seems to be very sore because he had to pay Mr. Lovell, the poet, the sum of twenty pounds per night for a short period.

The *Provost of Bruges* was recommended to Mr. Bunn by Mr. Macready, and his choice of this play suggests some reflections. It is a pretty—very pretty play—but not a *great* one. *Great* plays were in the hands both of Mr. Macready and Mr. Bunn at the time—but were declined in favour of the pretty. Had either party been sincere in his love of the high drama, the spectacle that preceded might perhaps have been counteracted. A stern overpowering tragedy might have done this—but courage was wanted. A similar want of courage was exhibited by Mr. Macready in his own management. The production of one such tragedy—(and more than one exists)—would revolutionize the stage. But, after all, this line of conduct is against the actor's supposed self-interest; and this is the reason why he sets himself against it. He dreads the supremacy of the poet as much as the atheist dislikes the belief in a Deity. And why? The ruinous salaries of actors, says Mr. Bunn, preclude the possibility of remunerating authors on such a scale as becomes a scholar and a gentleman to accept. Hence it is that so much merit is taken for what is called the Revival of Shakspere. To Shakspere there is nothing payable; and though experience proves that, on a great stage, spectacle must be added to the drama to make the performance attractive; yet the same is as true of a new as of an old play—and the expense of remunerating the poet is at any rate saved.

No—no! The true way of promoting the drama is not by revivals—but by original productions. It is to the encouragement of the living author that you must look for the regeneration of the drama—the living author, selected for his merits only, not by personal favour, or only on account of his rank and influence, other than as a dramatist and a man of genius.

In the proportion in which Mr. Bunn was himself an author, he has proved, in the book before us, the beneficial effects of it on his management. His own operas, whatever their degree of merit (which was in fact but small), helped him through several difficulties. In a loftier department, had he been a comic or a tragic poet, he might have been equally, or more successful. A theatre, large or small, with a Shakspere at the head of it, could not fail.

This, then, is the sum of the matter—that the theatres have failed, because the poet has been crushed—and the poet has been crushed by the monopoly, which has so restricted the arena of exertion, that a sufficient number of dramatists could not be encouraged. The same is also true of actors—for, whatever may appear to the contrary, they have suffered from the like cause. We are told, for instance, that Macready and Farren were able to demand ruinous terms; but what then? these are but two men out of a large number.

Out of that large number, are there not other actors of genius? We cannot tell, because by the contracts entered into with the principal tragedian or comedian, the manager is precluded from encouraging

rising talent. It was only lately proved that a new actor may successfully contest the palm with an old one—and be shelved in consequence. Mr. Phelps's Othello is superior to any other on the stage; but because it carries the laurels from Mr. Macready's Iago, the tragedy is not repeated. If Mr. Charles Kean had accepted Mr. Macready's insidious offer to alternate great parts with him at Covent Garden, he would have been jockied by the plausible manager, as was Phelps the first season, and both Phelps and Vandenhoff the second. Now, Mr. Bunn's book shows that the minor theatres can afford to pay and employ a star or two—but here are the patent theatres, both under his management and Mr. Macready's, paying indeed stars, but not employing them, and irritating them almost to madness by non-employment, literally making dog-stars of them. Rather than be thus obscured, every one of these would gladly shine, each on his separate stage, if the patents were but as legislatively destroyed as they are practically. It is thus witnessed that actors are suffering, as a body, as well as authors; and so it will be found that their interests are always and in every place identified. Let them sympathize in a common aim, and effect a common prosperity.

We are aware that the authority of Colley Cibber may be quoted against a number of theatres. But what says he?—Why, that if the theatres are increased in number, the dramatists must be so too. Granted: his complaint then was against the multitude of theatres and the paucity of authors. But what is the case now? That poets are complaining they cannot get their works represented—poets whose worth is acknowledged, and works the dramatic spirit of which is not denied. To increase the evil, such productions as have been exhibited are not the best that might have been got. It is confessed, indeed, by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, that the unacted drama is superior to the acted.

Whatever advantages may attend the modern division of labour, they are liable to many deductions. In the palmiest days of the drama, the poet, the actor, and the manager were the same person. It was well with the stage, when the poet was more closely connected with it than he now is; nor, as we have said, will the stage become what it ought to be, until the poet reign on that arena paramount, with a public possessed of taste rightly to appreciate the poetic spirit. Glorious things are yet left to be done in the drama—things yet unspoken—unmeditated.

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTINENTAL PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICA.*

No. II.—VICTOR COUSIN HIMSELF.

VICTOR COUSIN, whose System of Eclecticism we reviewed in our last number, professes to be a son of the present epoch, and one of those who are desirous of comprehending the nineteenth century and

* Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, edited by George Ripley, 4 vols. America.—Boston : Hilliard, Gray, and Company, 1838, 1839.

its mission. Not masses of the population, he exclaims, "but it is the ideas, the causes for which they combat, that appear on the field of battle. Thus, at Leipzig and Waterloo, the causes which encountered each other were those of paternal monarchy and military democracy. Which prevailed? Neither the one nor the other. Which was the conqueror? Which was vanquished at Waterloo? None was vanquished. No! I protest that none was vanquished; the only conquerors were European civilization and the charter!" Such is the language of Cousin: such the tone of his thoughts. He is eminently a believer—to doubt even, with him, is only a manifestation of faith. If, he tells us, a man believes that he doubts,—if he affirm that he doubts, then, inasmuch as he affirms that he is doubting, he affirms that he exists. The sceptic is, therefore, a believer—he believes himself. In days of crisis and agitation, such as the world has lately gone through, together with reflection, doubt and scepticism enter into the minds of many excellent men, who sigh over and are affrighted at their own incredulity. Cousin declares himself willing to undertake their defence against themselves; he would prove to them that they always place faith in something.

This argument Cousin makes use of in the following important passage from his *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie* :—

"God is; He is, with all that constitutes his true existence; He is, with three necessary elements of intellectual existence. We must go on, gentlemen, we must proceed, from the idea of God to that of the universe; but how are we to proceed thither? What is the road that leads from God to the universe? It is—creation. And what is creation? What is it—to create? Shall I state to you its vulgar definition? It is this, 'to create, is to make something out of nothing,' that is, to draw something forth out of nothing; and this definition must necessarily appear to be very satisfactory; for, to this very day, it is every where and continually repeated. Now, Leucippus, Epicurus, Lucretius, Bayle, Spinoza, and indeed all whose powers of thought are somewhat exercised, demonstrate, but too easily, that from nothing, nothing can be drawn forth, that out of nothing, nothing can come forth; whence it follows, that creation is impossible. Yet by pursuing a different route, our investigations arrive at this very different result, viz. that creation is, I do not say possible, but necessary. But, in the first place, let us look a little into this definition,—that to create, is to draw forth from nothingness. This definition is founded upon the very identical idea of nothingness. But what is this idea? It is a purely negative idea. The mind of man possesses the power of making suppositions of every kind; he may, for instance, in the very presence of reality, suppose its contrary; but truly, it is a most extravagant folly, from the mere possibility of a supposition, to infer the truth of that supposition. This supposition, however, has, in addition to those of many others, the misfortune of involving an absolute contradiction. Nothingness is the denial of all existence; but what is that, which in this instance, denies existence? Who denies it? It is thought; that is, you who think; so that you who think, and who exist, inasmuch as you think, and because you think, and who know that you exist, because you know that you think,—you yourself, in denying existence,

deny your own existence, your own thought, and your own denial of existence. If you will attend to the principle of your hypothesis, you will find, either that it destroys your hypothesis, or that your hypothesis will destroy its own principle. What is said of doubt, what Descartes has demonstrated in regard to doubt, applies with greater force to the idea of nothingness. To doubt is to believe; for to doubt, is to think. Does he who doubts believe that he doubts, or does he doubt whether he doubt or not? If he doubt whether he doubt or not, he destroys his own scepticism; and if he believes that he doubts, he destroys it again. Just so, to think is to be, and to know that we are, it is to affirm existence; now, to form the hypothetical supposition of nothingness, is to think; therefore, it is to be and to know that we are; therefore, it is to construct the hypothesis of nothingness upon the supposition contradictory to it, that is, upon the supposition of the existence of thought, and of him who thinks. Vainly should we strive to go beyond thought, and to escape from the idea of existence. Every negation is founded upon some affirmation; every hypothetical supposition of nothingness, implies as its necessary condition, the supposition of existence, and of the existence of him who makes this very supposition of nothingness.

" We must therefore abandon the definition, that, to create is to draw forth from nothingness; for nothingness is a chimera of thought implying a contradiction. Now, in abandoning this definition, we abandon its consequences; and the immediate consequence of abandoning the hypothesis of nothingness, as a condition of existence, is another hypothesis: for, once entered upon the career of hypothesis, we go on from one to another, without being able to get out of that career. Since God cannot create but by drawing forth from nothingness, and as nothing can be drawn forth from nothing, and nevertheless, the world, incontestibly, *is*, and could not have been drawn forth from nothing, it follows that it has not been created; whence it follows again, that it is independent of God, and that it formed itself, by virtue of its proper nature, and of the laws which are derived from its nature. Hence follows another hypothesis, that of a dualism, in which God is on one side and the world on the other, which is an absurdity. For all the conditions of the existence of God are precisely absolute contradictions of the independent existence of the world. If the world is independent, it is sufficient for itself; it is absolute, eternal, infinite, almighty; and God, if he is independent of the world, must be absolute, eternal, almighty. Here, therefore, are two entire powers, in contradiction, one with the other. I will not plunge farther into this abyss of hypotheses and of absurdities.

" What is, to create?—not according to the hypothetical method, but the method we have followed,—that method which always borrows from human consciousness that which, by a higher induction, it afterwards applies to the divine essence. To create, is a thing which it is not difficult to conceive, for it is a thing which we do at every moment; in fact, we create whenever we perform a free action. I will, I form a resolution, I form another, and another; I modify it, I suspend it, I pursue it. What is it that I do? I produce an effect which I do not refer to any other person, which I refer to myself as its cause, and as

its only cause, so that, in regard to the existence of this effect, I seek no cause above and beyond myself. This is to create. We create a free action, we create it, I say, for we do not refer it to any principle superior to ourselves; we impute it to ourselves exclusively. It was not; it begins to be, by virtue of that principle of causality which we possess. Thus, to cause is to create; but with what? with nothing? Certainly not. On the contrary, with that which is the very foundation of our existence; that is to say, with all our creative force, all our liberty, all our voluntary activity, with our personality. Man does not draw forth from nothingness the act which he has not yet done and is about to do; he draws it forth from the power which he has to do it; from himself. Here is the type of a creation. The divine creation is the same in its nature. God, if he is a cause, can create; and if he is an absolute cause, he cannot but create; and in creating the universe he does not draw it forth from nothingness, but from himself; from that power of causation, and of creation, of which we, feeble men, possess a portion; and all the difference between our creation and that of God, is the general difference between God and man, the difference between absolute cause and a relative cause.

"I create, for I cause, I produce an effect; but this effect expires under the very eye of him who produces it; it scarcely extends beyond his consciousness; often it dies there, and it never goes far beyond it; and thus, in all the energy of his creative force, man finds very easily its limits. These limits, in the interior world, are my passions, my weaknesses; without, they are the world itself, which opposes the motions of my volition. I wish to produce a motion, and often I produce only the volition of motion; the most paltry accident palsies my arm; the most vulgar obstacle resists my power; and my creations, like my creative power, are relative, contingent, bounded; but after all, they are creations, and there is the type of the conception of the divine creation.

"God therefore creates; he creates by virtue of his creative power; he draws forth the world, not from nothingness which is not, but from Him who is absolute existence. An absolute creative force, which cannot but pass into act, being eminently his characteristic, it follows, not that creation is possible, but that it is necessary; it follows, that God is creating without cessation and infinitely, and that creation is inexhaustible and sustains itself constantly. We may go further. The creations of God are from himself; therefore he creates with all the characteristics which we have recognised in him, and which pass necessarily into his creations. God is in the universe, as the cause is in its effect; as we ourselves, feeble and bounded causes, are, in so far as we are causes, in the feeble and bounded effects which we produce. And, if God is, in our consciousness, the unity of being and of intelligence and of power, with that variety which is inherent in him, and with the relation, equally necessary and equally eternal, which unites these two terms; it follows, that all these characteristics are also in the world, and in visible existence. Therefore, creation is not an evil, but a good; and thus do the holy scriptures represent this truth, 'and God saw that it was good.' Why? because it was more or less conformed to Him.

"Thus, gentlemen, we behold the universe created, necessarily created, and manifesting Him who created it. But this manifestation, in which the principle of manifestation renders itself apparent, does not exhaust that principle. Let me explain myself. I will, and I produce an act of volition; my voluntary force appeared, by this act, and in it; it appeared there, for it is to it that I refer this act. Then is it there. But how is it there? Has it passed all entire into this act, so that there is nothing more left of it? No; for after having produced such an act, I may produce a new one, I may modify it, I may change it. The interior principle of causation, while developing itself in its acts, retains that which constitutes it a principle and a cause, and is not absorbed in its effects. So, if God makes himself appear in the world, if God is in the world, if God is there with all the elements which constitute his being, he is nevertheless unexhausted; and, at once one and threefold, he remains, after having produced this world, not the less perfect, in his essential unity and triplicity."

"We must therefore regard in two different points of view, the manifestation of God in the world, and the subsistence of his divine essence itself; in order to see the true relation between the world and God. For it is absurd, to suppose that God, in manifesting himself, should not in some measure transfer himself into his manifestation; and it is equally absurd, to suppose that the principle of that manifestation should not still retain all the superiority of a cause to its effect. The universe is therefore an imperfect reflection, but still a reflection of the divine essence."

Cousin, notwithstanding his orthodoxy, is a tolerant believer. Like a benevolent Eclecticist, he wishes to regard all things on their fair side. "When you lack truth," says he, "on one point, attach yourself to that portion of truth which you still possess, and increase it successively. So also, when you behold one of your fellow-creatures, who, not being able to deny his own existence (an effort of strength to which few feel competent), sets about denying the existence of the world (no very common occurrence either), and particularly the existence of God (which without being so, seems more easy and is more common), say to yourselves, and repeat it constantly, that this being is not degraded; that he still believes, because he still affirms something; and that his faith only lights upon, and is concentrated in a single point; and instead of incessantly viewing him, in regard to what he wants, as an atheist or a sceptic; consider him rather in regard to what still remains to him, as a man; and you will see that in the most partial, confined and sceptical reflection, there will always still remain a very considerable element of faith, and of strong and extensive convictions. So much for reflection. But besides reflection there still exists spontaneity, which is within reflection; and when the scholar has denied the existence of God, hear the man; ask him, take him at unawares, and you will see that all his words imply the idea of God; and that faith in God is, without his knowledge, at the bottom of his heart."

In relation to the sceptic and atheist, our benevolence would exceed Cousin's. We would not thus flatter him in his delusion, but rouse him out of it. We would show him that doubt was incapable of operation

as a principle, since it never could be valid for all the links of the series. Faith establishes its right to be a principle by its universal validity—doubt itself, as we have seen, is only an apparent, not a real exception. Doubt is suicidal—is annihilative—faith is vitalising—is creative. We would then show the sceptic and the atheist the impossibility of his own theory, and, in the name and the love of the wisdom which he affects, show him the foolishness of his heart, that he might root it out once and for ever. Legitimate doubt is but a step in a scientific process, valuable only as leading to another, and when it has served that poor office, to be utterly rejected. It is the resource of ignorance, in order to its riddance—he is no *scholar* who has not thus used it and spurned it—he is still an ignorant schoolboy—not a man! Childhood and manhood are alike in this—in their perfect state, they are both believers, in themselves, in the universe, and in God!

Victor Cousin is, as a philosopher, an aristocrat. According to him, though the masses always and everywhere live in the same faith of which the forms only vary, yet the masses do not possess the *secret* of their convictions. "Truth," he adds, "is not science. Truth is for all; science for few. All truth exists in the human race; but the human race is not made up of philosophers. In fact, philosophy is the aristocracy of the human species. Its glory and its strength, like that of all true aristocracy, is not to separate itself from the people, but to sympathize and identify itself with them, to labour for them, while it places its foundation in their hearts. Philosophical science is the rigorous account which reflection renders to itself of the ideas which it has not created. We have already shown, that reflection supposes a previous operation to which it applies itself, since reflection is merely a return upon what has gone before."

"If there had been no prior operation, there could have been no voluntary repetition of this operation, that is to say, no reflection; for reflection is nothing else; it does not produce; it verifies and develops. There is therefore actually nothing more in reflection than in the operation which precedes it, than in spontaneity; only reflection is a degree of intelligence rarer and more elevated than spontaneity, and with the condition, moreover, that it faithfully represent it, and develop without destroying it. Now, in my opinion, humanity as a mass is spontaneous and not reflective; humanity is inspired. The divine breath which is in it, always and every where reveals to it all truths under one form or another, according to the place and the time. The soul of humanity is a poetical soul which discovers in itself the secrets of beings; and gives utterance to them in prophetic chants which ring from age to age. At the side of humanity is philosophy, which listens with attention, gathers up its words, registers them, if we may so speak; and when the moment of inspiration has passed away, presents them with reverence to the admirable artist who had no consciousness of his genius, and who often does not recognize his own work. Spontaneity is the genius of human nature; reflection is the genius of a few individuals."

Notwithstanding, however, his sympathy with the few, Cousin neglects not the claims of the many. Here he is, as a politician, a democrat—as such he recognizes the difference between reflection and spon-

taneity as the only difference possible in the identity of intelligence. He has proved, as he flatters himself, that this is the only difference in the forms of reason, in those of activity, perhaps even in those of life; in history also, it is the only difference which separates a man from his fellow-men. Hence it follows, that we are all penetrated with the same spirit, are all of the same family, children of the same Father, and that the brotherhood of man admits of no differences, but such as are essential to individuality. In his personal attributes, therefore, he is aristocratic—in his public relations, he is democratic—and his philosophy is the synthesis of the two extremes, reconciliatory of the antagonism always existing between the few and the many. We doubt, however, his predicate of inspiration as applicable to the latter exclusively. Have not the selectest few been the prophets of the race? Is not Cousin's assumption too great a concession to the *vox populi*?

In regard to the religious influence of Cousin's philosophy, we have the following testimony of M. Vincent, one of the pastors of the Protestant church at Nismes, in his able work entitled, "Views on Protestantism in France." We would bespeak the attention of the theological reader in particular, to the following extracts. They bear the date of 1829.

"The moment, in which I am writing these pages, presents an interesting spectacle to the friends of philosophy. After a long interval of repose, during which the philosophical schools that had governed the world of thought for two or three generations, have peaceably ended their career; after an almost total abandonment of philosophy, occasioned by the inroads of the most pressing material interests, and the most certain dangers; tranquillity has awakened again the spirit of meditation. The mind, repulsed from without, has turned in upon itself. Disgusted with affairs, it has gone back to man. Weariness with the visible world has impelled it to the centre of the moral world. It has contemplated in that another order of things, other laws, other principles, other ends, in a word, entirely another nature, not less real, not less interesting, than that which appears to the eye, and which resists the hand. From that moment, philosophy was restored. It resumed the place which it ought to occupy in the estimation of men. And, at a single stroke, it changed its direction and its nature. It ceased to be an insignificant and confused branch of physical science, or rather a slender bough of this branch, which had become so contemptible, that is, merely the science of medicine, considered as a subordinate department of physics. It assumed an eminently spiritual character. And from that time, it has found its own world, its peculiar universe as an object of study. It has been ennobled itself, at the same time that it has ennobled man, its eternal and inexhaustible subject. As this higher movement is strongly impressed on the prevailing ideas, every thing must needs have been brought into accordance with it. This is the most certain token and pledge of its triumph. Ideas concerning humanity, morals, legislation, politics, religion, social institutions, the fine arts, literature, poetry, history, eloquence, must all have borrowed their direction, their form, their colour, from these ideas, which had taken the place of the old materialism and sensualism. The human mind never advances a part at a time. And when

it is strongly taken hold of in the very principles of its developement and its action, every thing which proceeds from it bears the seal of its internal being, and is nothing but the impression of the opinions and the ideas which compose the foundation of its intellectual life.

"A twofold movement therefore is going on in respect to philosophy. In the first place, the public which formerly appeared to care nothing about it, returns to the subject with fresh interest. The Lectures of M. Cousin have almost as many readers as the Journal of Debates. On the other hand, philosophy itself has changed its direction. It is no longer a material philosophy. It has become essentially spiritual and moral.

"Not that every mind is in the same path; nor that the spiritual system which has made its appearance, has overcome all opposition, and gained a peaceable dominion over the masses. Far from it. The systems which have hitherto prevailed, still number many adherents. Epicureanism will never entirely die out. It is the first philosophy, that is to say, the philosophy of the man who has no philosophy at all, and who yields to his outward impulses. But the power is not equally divided between the old and the new philosophy. The one is advancing, the other declines; the one takes possession of the mind, the other departs from it; the one holds those who are going off, the other seizes and captivates those who are coming on; the one is ending, the other beginning. I suppose there can be no reasonable doubt as to the result of the struggle."

We find, indeed, in M. Vincent's work, a *résumé* of the entire system, of which we shall immediately avail ourselves. The sensual philosophy, in his opinion, was not calculated to endure. "The exclusive attention to sensation compelled men to say that sensation could not explain every thing. It was in vain to transform it; the production of a multitude of ideas, which are inherent in the soul, and which are possessed by all men alike, could never be accounted for in this manner. It was soon perceived that with those principles, which claimed to be taken from nature, it was impossible to comprehend and to justify the great laws of human intelligence, without which we could see nothing and comprehend nothing in nature itself. Such, for instance, is the law of causality. No explanation being found for this in the facts of sensation, in external nature, in the not me, it was necessary to seek it in the inward nature, in the me. Here then commences the second series of philosophical systems,—those which have their basis in the me. These are essentially spiritual, as the former are essentially material.

"As the inadequacy of all the explanations which derive thought only from sensation was more and more felt, the soul in itself began to be made the object of study; the processes of thought were watched; its different faculties were analyzed; the laws of their action were investigated. As the inquirers lived much in company with the soul, as this was the constant object of their labours, its existence, its thought, which was always found active and independent, whenever the attention was turned within, were the phenomena which produced the strongest impression. Every thing was made to converge towards this centre; and hence the system which was embraced was decidedly

spiritual. This point was always reached, whenever one withdrew from the world for intimate communion with his own mind. It was the experimental system, the system of observation, still timid, but just and profound, by which the system of Locke and that of Condillac were for ever overthrown. It was the same circle which had been before marked out by the Scottish philosophers. It was this philosophy, to which M. Royer-Collard had given currency in France, and which has been continued with such brilliant success by some of his principal disciples. The works of Dr. Reid, those of Dugald Stewart, the *Lectures* of M. Royer-Collard, and the writings of M. Jouffroy, are the sources from which the most thorough knowledge may be gained of this remarkable philosophy. The introduction of this philosophy into France gave a mortal blow to the philosophy of sensation; and marked the revival of spiritualism among us. The soul held an independent place in that philosophy as an essentially immaterial and thinking force. In reading the works of these philosophers, especially those of Reid, and even of M. Laromiguière, we feel that they are invincible in their attacks upon sensualism; they clearly show that sensation accounts for nothing, not even for the primary ideas which arise in the mind on occasion of sensible impressions; but we also feel every moment, that we have not yet obtained every thing necessary to exhaust the subject, or to solve the problem under consideration. We feel that we are brought to the vestibule of another order of ideas, of another universe, as it were, but that we have not yet entered it. This at least is the impression which I have often experienced in reading the profound and original work of Reid on the Human Mind, according to the principles of common sense. It was necessary that the door should be opened, and the world within explored. One man has done this. It is perhaps the most sublime intellectual conquest of the eighteenth century. This honour was not reserved for France.

"To seek in the nature and constitution of the human soul, and not in any result of sensation, those ideas without which we can feel nothing, perceive nothing, judge nothing, comprehend nothing; to make of these ideas, and of these laws, which the school of sensation undertook to deny because it could not produce them in its system,—which the Scottish school recognized and established without seeking their origin,—to make, I say, of these ideas, and of these laws, essential forms of the human mind, which it inevitably impresses on all the materials which are furnished by sensation; instead of making them the result of sensation, to make them a property, an active force of the soul, which is indispensable to the possibility of sensation, judgement, and consciousness; to explain in this manner space and time, substance and cause, all the operations of intelligence, the invincible limits which restrict it, and the principles of beauty, religion, and conscience; to prostrate scepticism and materialism at once; this is the unquestionable merit of the astonishing labour which Kant presented to his age; a work of genius, if ever there were one, whatever opinion we may form of some of its details. In itself, it is yet little known, but the spirit which animates it begins to display itself; it is at the bottom of the writings which now gain the greatest popularity. Although we cannot expect to see it propagated in France, just as it

proceeded from the mind of its author, since it has already received important improvements in the country of its birth; it may be said with truth that it is destined to furnish the broadest foundation on which a new and permanent philosophy will be established.

"In continuing, in the same direction, the study and analysis of the soul and of its developements, one of the first and most important ideas which we meet with, is that of faith; that is to say, the belief of the soul which is founded neither on reasoning nor on experience, but on its own essential nature and inherent tendencies. These convictions are numerous and profound in every mind; even in those individuals who stand the most upon reasoning. They are vital, but inexplicable, except by our consciousness of them. We believe these facts, just as we see the lilies white and the meadows green. Such is the make of our eyes. Conscience, moral order, religion, God, and futurity, are thus placed beyond the sphere of reasoning and experience; and brought within the sphere of faith. They are revealed to us by the tendencies of the soul towards the Infinite and the Absolute; but they escape as soon as we attempt to seize them by reasoning and experience.

"It is in this way that we explain the eternal influence of these ideas upon humanity, in all of its manifestations. They do not come to man; they form the very essence of man. He does not invent them; he feels them in his soul whenever he looks within. They are never more powerful than when he attempts with all his might to crush them.

"These convictions assuredly belong to a different sphere from those at which we arrive by experience and syllogism. We need a word to distinguish them from others. The word faith has been chosen, which, in this sense, is opposed to the knowledge given by experience and reasoning.

"It is evident that religion is inconsistent with every material system, under whatever form it may be presented. Religion is the acknowledgment of a moral order, of a spiritual world, which the eyes cannot see, nor the hands touch; the recognition of a Ruler of this universe of intelligence and conscience; the desire to regulate life, in view of this order, of this universe, of this Ruler. What have these ideas in common with corpuscles, organs of secretion, or transformed sensations? Religion gains or loses, lives or dies, in the human mind, in proportion as these systems obtain more or less authority. It cannot coexist with them. If this were not proved by speculation, we might appeal to experience. Wherever the opinions of the materialists have prevailed, religion has receded before them; and within our own notice, we never see them combined in the same mind.

"In this respect, the return of opinion to spiritual systems, the popularity no less general than unforeseen of the philosophy taught by M. Royer-Collard and M. Cousin, are of immense advantage to religion. They have opened the path for it. They have dissipated the prejudices, without appearing to attack them, which were hostile to its progress. Without professing to be its champions, they have prepared the way for its triumph. They have pointed out in the soul those powers, which the senses did not give, and which terminate in religion. They have brought to light, in humanity as a mass, some-

thing besides the physical wants, which are provided for by industry. They have separated, in some sort, from the chaos of complicated historical facts, a vast spirit of humanity, which directs and animates it in all its manifestations ; and this spirit has nothing in common with material interests ; it resembles religion more than any thing else. The new movement of philosophy is therefore as favourable to religion, as the preceding was disastrous to it. If I may so express it, it is full of humanity ; while the former, with all its refinements, annulled humanity, in order to bring sensuality into its place."

Cousin and Guizot, and a few others, were the first, after the restoration of peace from the wars of the Revolution, to awaken the attention of their countrymen to German science and literature. Cousin accomplished this particularly in regard to German philosophy. "Whoever among us," says Schelling, "should imagine that the advantage of this is altogether on the side of the French would betray a singular narrowness. For it is now pretty generally acknowledged, that in point of a simple, lucid, and well-considered mode of exhibiting scientific subjects, we have something to learn from our western neighbours. But style, if any value at all be ascribed to it, always reacts on thought, on the subject-matter of discussion. The Germans have so long philosophized merely among themselves, that they have been gradually departing more and more from what is universally intelligible, both in thought and expression, and the degree of this departure has at length been almost assumed as the standard of philosophical superiority. It is hardly necessary to adduce examples. As families, which, avoiding the general intercourse of society, live altogether with each other, at last, among other disagreeable peculiarities, come to use a singular phraseology, intelligible to none but themselves ; so the Germans have proceeded in philosophy ; and, as after many ineffectual attempts to spread the philosophy of Kant beyond the limits of their country, they have renounced the idea of making themselves intelligible to other nations, they have been led also to regard philosophy as something existing for themselves alone, without considering, that the original purpose of all philosophy,—which is never to be lost sight of, though it has been so often unsuccessful,—is to arrive at universal intelligibility. It certainly does not follow from this, that works of thought are to be judged of as exercises of style ; but it does follow unquestionably that a philosophy, whose essential doctrines cannot be made comprehensible to every cultivated nation, and accessible to all languages, for that reason alone, cannot be the true and universal philosophy. The interest accordingly, which is manifested by foreign nations in German philosophy, cannot fail to exert a favourable influence upon that. The philosophical writer, who some ten years ago could not lay aside the scholastic language and forms which he had once assumed, without prejudice to his reputation as a scientific man, will more easily free himself from this restraint. He will seek for profoundness in his thoughts ; and at least, a total incapacity and unskilfulness of expression, will not be considered, as has been the case, a token of philosophical inspiration.

"Cousin has been reproached with his love for German philosophy, as an anti-national tendency ; but, on the contrary, he has remained

true to that national character, of which he says, that it makes an absolute point of purity, precision, and clearness of connexion. If any man is called to give to France a correct notion of the progress and the historical developement of modern philosophy, it is Cousin, who combines, in an eminent degree, in himself, and has displayed through his whole scientific career, the indefatigable research, the acuteness, the moderation, the honourable impartiality, and in short, all the peculiar qualities which form a philosophical historian of philosophy."

Victor Cousin was born at Paris, the 28th of November, 1792, of unhealthy parents, who sent him, for his early education, to the humble schools of his native city. By his love of learning, they were induced to stretch a point, and placed him at the *Lycée Charlemagne* of Paris, in which he won every year numerous prizes, particularly in rhetoric; and thus became entitled, on account of having received the highest honours, to exemption from conscription, and admission into the council of state as auditor, with an annual grant of 5000 francs. He engaged, however, in the profession of Public Instructor, and his name was accordingly the first on the list of the pupils received into the Normal School at its commencement. After the revolution of 1830 he became its principal.

M. Cousin was eighteen years of age, when he first entered the Normal School, in 1810, and after two years became instructor in the department of Literature, at the close of 1812, and in 1814 was made Master of the Conferences, in the place of M. Villemain. At the same time, he was employed as assistant teacher in the different Lyceums of Paris. In 1815, he was entrusted, during the Hundred Days, with the class in philosophy at the *Collège Bourbon*. In this manner, M. Cousin passed through the successive functions of secondary instruction.

He had not yet however discovered his true sphere. He has himself described, in the Preface to his *Philosophical Fragments*, the impression which he received upon his entering the Normal School, from the course of M. Laromiguière, and a short time afterwards, from that of M. Royer-Collard. After hearing those celebrated professors, his heart was irrevocably given to philosophy. But his patron, M. Gueroult, Principal of the Normal School, entertained different views with regard to him; and after many useless struggles, M. Cousin found himself condemned, even by his very success, to the teaching of Literature. He did not lose his attachment, however, to his favourite science; and all his wishes were at last fulfilled, when towards the close of 1815, he was appointed by M. Royer-Collard, who had been placed by the new government at the head of the University, to succeed him as Professor of Philosophy in the Faculty of Literature.

From that time, M. Cousin devoted himself entirely to philosophy, at the University and at the Normal School. For five years, he sustained the burden of this double teaching. His course at the University gave a lively impulse to the public mind, and produced a more general taste for philosophical studies; while his teachings at the Normal School were adapted to call forth and cultivate those young men who have since so ably seconded his labours.

"M. Cousin," says Damiron, "possessed a very simple, but very

powerful means of success in his Lectures. This was the eloquence with which he was inspired by his thought. His manner of being taken possession of by his ideas ; his facility in representing metaphysical abstractions in graphic sketches ; the lively bursts of his mind ; the bold expressions of consciousness, which made up those *improvisations*, at once so animated and so serious, so graceful and so imposing, —all conspired to impress and captivate his numerous auditory. As he was not merely a simple demonstrator, a cold and unimpassioned witness, but an earnest observer and an enthusiastic teacher, a philosopher and an orator at once, both in his chair and out of it, at the Normal School and in the familiar conversations which he was always ready to engage in with his young friends, he announced the truths of philosophy with that glow of feeling, that profound earnestness, that elevation of thought, which moved and carried away every mind. His Lectures contained something besides doctrine. They displayed the labour by which it was prepared, the method which led to it, the love and the zeal with which it was investigated ; these passed from his soul to that of his pupils, and inspired them with the very spirit of his philosophy."

Of his labours at the Normal School, M. Cousin has given an interesting account in the Appendix to his volume of *Philosophical Fragments*. He refers to the period from 1815 to 1820, during which, as he says, "in profound obscurity, master and pupils, equally feeble, but full of zeal, we were uninterruptedly employed in the reform of philosophical studies. The course of instruction at the Normal School included three years, after which the pupils were sent into the provinces to take possession of the vacant chairs. As Master of the Philosophical Conferences of the third year, it was my office to prepare them for the important duties on which they were about to enter. All the pupils of the third year attended my course ; but it was particularly intended for the small number of them, who were destined to a philosophical career. They bore the weight of the labours of the Conference ; and were the principal source of the interest which was taken in those labours. They were present also at my Lectures in the Faculty of Literature, where they might have the opportunity of obtaining more general ideas, and breathing in a more vigorous life in an atmosphere of greater publicity. Within the interior of the School, the teaching was more didactic and rigid ; the course bore the name of Conferences, and deservedly so ; for every lecture occasioned a discussion in which all the pupils participated. Formed to the philosophical method, they made use of it with the professor as well as with themselves ; they presented their doubts, their objections, their arguments, with perfect freedom ; and were thus exercised in that spirit of independence and of criticism, which I trust will one day bear its fruits. A truly fraternal confidence united the professor and pupils ; if the pupils took the liberty to discuss the instruction which they received, the professor also felt authorized by reason of his duty, his intentions, and his friendship, to be severe. At this day, we all love to recall that period, so cherished in our memory, when ignorant of the world and unknown by it, buried in the study of the eternal problems of the human mind, we passed our life in attempting those solutions of them, which, though

they have since been modified, continue to interest us, on account of the labour which they cost us, and the sincere, earnest, and persevering researches of which they were the result. It was under this austere discipline, but at the same time free from every narrow, mechanical restraint, that we were all formed : and, in truth, if I do not deceive myself, many of my friends owe me some favour for my severity at that time, for having so often made them recommence their imperfect compositions, for having required more precision in the details, and a closer connexion in the whole performance ; and above all, for having endeavoured to inculcate upon them so earnestly the spirit of philosophical method,—that psychological sense, that art of inward observation, without which man remains unknown to man, and philosophy is nothing but an assemblage of lifeless conceptions, of arbitrary formulas, more or less ingenious, bold, comprehensive, but always destitute of reality. For myself, I confess, that the exacting zeal of the Conference has often been of use to me ; and I feel a pleasure in recording here the expression of my regret for that epoch, so tranquil and so studious, of my life."

In 1817 and 1818, M. Cousin employed his vacations in travelling in Germany, with a view to increasing his acquaintance with the German philosophy. His intercourse with the most distinguished philosophers of that country is described in the Preface which forms the second article translated in this volume.

In 1820, he made a voyage to the north of Italy, for the purpose of comparing the manuscripts in the public libraries, with reference to his contemplated edition of the unpublished works of Proclus. But on his return, he found a great change in the state of affairs in France. M. Royer-Collard was no longer at the head of the University. He had been dismissed from the council of state, together with M. Guizot ; and both the government and public instruction were subjected to a retrograde influence. M. Cousin himself was suspected of liberal views in politics ; his course at the University was suspended ; and he remained in disgrace for seven years. The Normal School was suppressed in 1822. During this interval, M. Cousin, though deprived of all public employment, and destitute of fortune, did not abandon his philosophical mission. His writings at this time served to increase his own reputation and to advance the cause of philosophy.

A singular incident took place in 1824, which added, in no small degree, to his previous well-earned popularity. While travelling in Germany with the eldest son of Marshal Lannes, the Duke of Montobello, he was arrested at Dresden, and conducted to Berlin, where he was detained in prison for several months. This affair, however, terminated to his honour, and to the shame of his enemies. He displayed through the whole process a firmness and moderation which gained for him the high esteem of the Prussian government, and indeed of all the enlightened men of Germany. It was demonstrated that M. Cousin was entirely innocent of all the plots which he had been accused of forming against the German governments, and that the whole secret was to be found in the policy of the Jesuits, who wished, by means of Germany, to be revenged upon him for his conduct in France. In fact, although a philosopher, or rather because he was a philosopher, the pupil and

friend of M. Royer-Collard could not remain a stranger to the affairs of his country; and, at all times, he had exhibited the most liberal principles, and regulated his conduct in accordance with those principles. Thus, in 1822, having accidentally become acquainted at Paris with the Count de Santa-Rosa, who had taken such an honourable part in the Piedmontese revolution of 1820, struck with the noble character of the unfortunate Italian, he formed an intimate and fraternal friendship with him. When, without the slightest pretext, Santa-Rosa was arrested and thrown into prison, M. Cousin did not hesitate to offer himself as security for his friend; and after the perfect innocence of Santa-Rosa had been proved by inquiry, and, as he could not be condemned, he was banished to Alençon, M. Cousin went as his companion. It was for crimes like these that M. Cousin became odious to the Jesuits. As they dared not accuse him at Paris, they persecuted him in Germany. They only gave him the occasion, however, of gaining new titles to the esteem of every honourable man. M. Cousin displayed the utmost energy of character while a prisoner; and no less mildness after his restoration to liberty. Satisfied with the marks of respect which were given to him by the Prussian government, he forgot all feelings of resentment in the midst of the old friends whom he found at Berlin, and among others Schleiermacher and Hegel.

Upon his return to France in 1825, he was not permitted to resume his Lectures. It was not until after the elections of 1827, when M. Royer-Collard was re-established in the Presidency of the University, that he received a new appointment as Professor in the Faculty of Literature. He resumed his course in 1828, with a brilliant success, such as has been rarely known in the history of philosophical instruction. At the same time, his Lectures were distinguished by the greatest moderation in philosophy, in religion, in politics, in every thing.

At the Revolution of 1830, with the high reputation of M. Cousin, his singular talents as an orator, his practical energy, and the popularity which he had gained during the three celebrated days, he might easily have entered into the Chamber of Deputies and taken part in public affairs, with his two colleagues, M. Guizot and M. Villemain, and his friend M. Thiers. But M. Cousin declared that he would remain faithful to philosophy. "Politics," said he, at that time, "are an episode with me; but the foundation of my life belongs to philosophy." The only change, which he was willing to accept, was the passing according to the most rigid forms of University advancement, from the Faculty of Literature to the Royal Council of Public Instruction, and the principal direction of the Normal School, which he re-established and organized. To give place to one of his most able pupils, M. Jouffroy, he exchanged the Chair of the History of Modern Philosophy, for that of the History of Ancient Philosophy. He refused to accept any political function, confined himself entirely to the University, and devoted his well-known activity to the continuation of his philosophical writings, which had been interrupted by his lectures. From 1830 to 1835, he published a great number of works; four new volumes of the translation of Plato; a new edition of the *Fragments*, with the Preface already alluded to; an edition of the posthumous works of M. Maine de Biran, with a Preface, which is itself a treatise

of philosophy ; and finally a labour of considerable magnitude on the Metaphysics of Aristotle ; to say nothing of numerous special memoirs and dissertations. He is now occupied with extensive researches on the Scholastic Philosophy, and has just published the unprinted manuscripts of Abelard.

The merits of M. Cousin, as an historian of philosophy, are admitted by all to be of the highest order. His labours embrace almost all of the great epochs in the history of philosophy. 1. For antiquity, a *Translation of Plato, with Critical Notes and Introductions*, of which nine volumes have been already given to the public ; the *Metaphysics of Aristotle* ; six volumes of *Alexandrine Commentaries* ; a volume entitled *New Fragments*, treating of the most difficult points of ancient philosophy. 2. For the scholastic philosophy, a large quarto on *Abelard*. 3. For modern philosophy, a complete edition of *Descartes*, and a multitude of special dissertations. 4. Finally, for the general history of philosophy, several volumes, comprising the most original and fruitful views, and at their side, the translation of the valuable *Manual* of Tennemann.

The efforts of M. Cousin for the improvement of public instruction have gained him no less honour and far more popularity than his philosophical career. "The education of the people and the progress of philosophy," says M. Cousin, in a letter to an American correspondent, "are to decide the future condition both of your country and mine. These are the holy interests to which I would devote my life ; and for which I rejoice to see so many good and useful exertions in a country called to such a high destiny as the United States." The services of M. Cousin to the cause of popular education are generally well known among us, and have awakened a deep interest in his name with many who are comparatively strangers to his philosophy. It is gratifying to perceive that the two great objects, which should never be separated,—the instruction of the people and the advancement of philosophy—have found such an earnest advocate in the most popular philosophical writer of the day. M. Cousin is admirably qualified for the formation of an improved system of education, no less by his practical experience, than his native abilities. This subject, it is said, has too often occupied the attention in France only of speculative men, like Rousseau, who, unacquainted with the affairs of life, have proposed theories, without reference to existing facts, and which could not be realized without destroying the actual institutions ; or of men who were conversant only with practical details, and incapable of comprehending any general views. M. Cousin, acquainted at once with the schools and with philosophy, combines all the elements which form an accomplished teacher. As the historian and critic of the most important systems of philosophy, he could not remain the slave of ancient routine ; and as a pupil and professor of the Imperial University he was not tempted to destroy the illustrious body, at whose bosom he had been nursed. Hence the course which he has pursued as one of the magistrates appointed to preside over the interests of education. It has been his endeavour to enlarge the frame-work of the University, without deforming it.

From the commencement of his labours in the Council of Instruction, M. Cousin has been employed with two principal objects, namely, the organization and direction of the Normal School, and the arrangement of philosophical studies in the colleges. He is the author of the present constitution of the Normal School, and of that admirable system of studies, which does the utmost honour to his practical talents. Nor have his services been less valuable in the improvement of the teaching of philosophy in the colleges of France. He has thus laid a broad foundation which promises the happiest results for the growing advancement of philosophy in that country, and consequently, in every country on which it exerts an influence.

M. Cousin is no less interested in the schools for primary instruction. He has, in this way, acquired a new title to the gratitude of France. He is a true friend of the people. He sprung from them. He wishes for their happiness. He delights to labour in their behalf. He is never weary in pleading their cause. He looks less, however, to change of government, than to their own elevation, for any permanent advantage. The regeneration of the people, he is persuaded, must come from within. He would have no pains spared to give them true light,—the light of morality no less than of knowledge, of pure and virtuous principles as well as of scientific instruction. "Primary instruction," says M. Cousin, "is not to be found in the programme of the *Hôtel de Ville*; it is the genuine benefit which the Revolution of July should procure for France. The practical part of my life is devoted to the labour of procuring this instruction. As a philosopher, I address myself to the *élite* of thinkers, to fifty individuals in Europe. In labouring for primary instruction, I labour for the masses of my countrymen."

In 1831, M. Cousin solicited of the French government a special mission for examining the establishments of public instruction in Germany. He received the appointment, and left Paris, May 24, 1831, for the discharge of his duties. He inspected all the public establishments of the city of Frankfort; of the Grand-Duchy of Weimar; of Saxony, and particularly of Leipsic; of Prussia, and particularly of Berlin; and was on his return to Paris about the middle of July, having sent his Reports to the minister, dated at Frankfort, Weimar, Leipsic, and Berlin. These Reports have been received with an almost universal interest in every civilized country of Europe, and in the United States.

M. Cousin has been elected a member of the French Academy,—an honour which was justly due to his eminent talents and extensive literary acquisitions. In 1832, he was made a Peer of France.

He has recently been employed in examining the establishments for public instruction in Holland. The last work of his, which we have seen, is entitled, *De l'Instruction Primaire à Rotterdam*, Dec. 28, 1836.

PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

No. 17.—“*Mahomedan Vengeance.*”

DURING my being in Persia that awful event took place at Tehran, of massacring the Russian ambassador, M. Grybydoff, and his suite, saving M. Maltzoff, a secretary, and three Cossacks, being thirty-nine in number. The Persian history scarcely presents so barbarous an outrage on humanity, nor need I narrate the circumstances which were soon after so ably set forth in Blackwood's Magazine. It was a storm of fanatic fury, raised by the moolahs, which swept away these devoted victims. Islamism was said to be in danger ; the “Ghiaours” had insulted their religion, and never was the fury of the Persian populace supposed to have been so excited as by those provocations offered by the Russians. The government had no power to check the sanguinary impetuosity of the mob—they did their utmost. There can be no doubt that the Russian ambassador brought upon himself this heavy judgement, principally, I believe, occasioned by wicked servants around him ; yet this cannot be offered as an excuse for one of the most horrid and barbarous tragedies ever committed in any nation on those who sought its hospitality and protection in the character of majesty's representative. The Shah immediately sent a letter to Abbas Mirza, detailing the events and requiring his assistance. Having procured copies and translations of this, and of other royal letters on the subject, they may be deemed interesting, since they have never appeared in print, and are strictly from the Persian documents now in my possession. From Ali Shah, dated 5th Sharbon (1st March, 1829). “The condition of bleeding hearts who can tell ! your feelings will participate with mine. This courier I send by the express orders of his Majesty, which if I do communicate to you, how can I anticipate your sorrow and grief ; if I do not I am in peril of the King's command ; what I am desired to do I am bound to perform. The Russian ambassador, when he arrived in this city, every civility due to him on the part of the King and government was shown, and all the chief officers of the court occupied themselves in thinking how they might please him and send him back satisfied ; likewise as regards his personal comforts, that he might give a good account of the impressions he had received. Many unpleasant circumstances originating with the ambassador, the court passed over in compliment to him ; amongst others that of two Armenians who had murdered a Mahomedan, and took refuge in his house, and the King forgave them for his sake. A Georgian, by the name of Roustum, a servant of the ambassador, who had been brought up from his infancy as a slave, had done many offensive things ; a few characters, similar to him, were taken by the ambassador as his servants and guides ; their behaviour was very disgusting to the public ; they imposed on the ambassador by false accounts, and did every thing to irritate the two governments by wrong information. The following is an instance :—A person of the royal Kajar tribe (as the literal translation has it, “having an illness in his nose,” meaning want of sense), who speaks random phrases, the am-

bassador took him to his house by the advice of Roustum, from whom he heard every thing abusive of the King and his government, which he was encouraged to speak. Mirza Yhacoub, an eunuch and chief manager of the "Andaroon," for many years a Musselman and in the employ of the King, formerly an Armenian who was bought as a slave, was for a long time a trustworthy servant, but latterly he had stolen cash and jewels to a large amount, and took refuge in the ambassador's house. The King said he would present him to the ambassador if he wished it, but the property must be returned. The ambassador replied, that his Majesty must recover it by law; the government made no objection to this, but were disposed to do so. Mirza Yhacoub, being protected by the ambassador, having referred to a court of justice, was convicted of the theft. He then publicly blasphemed the Prophet and abused the King to the whole court; he also began to abuse the people as well as the government; every one in the city felt indignation at this act, and would not endure it. In the midst of these affairs the ambassador's servant came to inform him that there were two women, formerly brought from a Turkish province as slaves, in the house of "Allaya Khan Kajar," that they were Georgians, and wished to return to their country. The ambassador demanded them instantly, but the Khan told him they were brought from the Turkish provinces, and not Georgians; he would not admit these reasonings, and insisted on their being given up. The Shah finding himself cautious not to offend the ambassador, ordered Allaya Khan to send the women with his servants, that the ambassador might question them personally, and find that they were not Georgians. By the order of the King he did so; but the ambassador sent the servants back and kept the women. The custom of the country is never to permit a woman to remain in a strange man's house, which attaches disgrace to them and their family: besides keeping the women, it happened that Mirza Yhacoub had an evening party amongst the servants of the ambassador, and that he brought a low woman to the house; the Armenian women were then brought to join this mixed party of Russians; they began to sigh and grieve. The people felt very much the grievances which these two women suffered till the morning; many applications were made by the servants of "Allaya Khan" to give up the women, which was refused. The first dispute took place between the ambassador's guards and these servants, which guards were Persians. A quarrel ensued, after which a mob collected, but the ambassador's friends and his servants began and killed a few of the mob with their swords and their guns. The friends of the dead collected and raised a greater mob; the news reached the King's palace. The moment it occurred, my humble self, with two or three thousand men, proceeded to the spot; we made all haste; as we proceeded we began to beat our way to quell the people till we reached the ambassador's house, but the business was finished; all I could do was to save one of the ambassador's secretaries, and three of the Cossack guards. I brought them through the midst of the mob and saved them; all the rest were killed; and the guards of the King who were posted at the ambassador's house, and did their utmost to protect it, were all killed; from thirty to forty of the men with me were wounded, but I had rather they had

been all killed than this business should have taken place. By my God and the salt of the King, I had rather myself and children had been all killed, than thus shamefully to stand before you. I don't know, when this letter reaches you, and you know its contents, in what condition you will find yourself. His Majesty says, "from the revolving of the heavens this has taken place."* I am here with the ambassador's first secretary, to whom the King makes his apologies and attempts at condolence, and you will do so likewise to the English ambassador and the Russian chiefs that are there: make all apologies you can, and send a person off to Teflis, to explain the proper circumstances; nevertheless, the whole empire of Persia is bashful and ashamed at this event, but we wish them to know that our servants were not knowing of it; in any way that you think fit to apologise don't fail to offer them."

The Prince immediately sent off a letter to General Paskevitch, at Teflis, of which the following is a copy, (after enumerating his titles with many compliments, &c.) "As being much confused and surprised by the circumstances of the times which we have lately received from the unhappy event which has taken place, we do not know how to open the gate of conversation to you. Mr. Amburger was here (the Russian consul at Tabreez), and he has witnessed our present state; of course he will explain to you to what degree we are grieved and confounded; that we were willing for all our brothers and all our families to be sacrificed than that such a stain should remain on the country. You, I hope, will judge, this is not a thing any human being could have thought of, or that means would have been taken to prevent it; but 'tis a business so sudden and accidental, done by the low and ignorant people of the town, and their shameful deeds are left to our future days. But at this moment all the government servants, and all the chiefs of the town, are in grief and mourning at the event, and the King has a thousand grievous thoughts for the same; to-day, on the 17th Sharbon (February), his august firmin has reached from Califat to our graceful selves, and a strict command from his Majesty respecting this event to receive your advice on the subject, and by the same to judge in what way we are to justify ourselves in the presence of your Emperor; to receive it from you, and by this to present the event to his Imperial Majesty. Agreeably to the order of the King we have written this to you, and have sent Mirza Macsood to your presence, that he may on this matter consult you, and if you think proper that Mirza Macsood should proceed on to Petersburgh with the letter to his most high Excellence, the great and supreme Emperor of the Russias, &c. The letter from the King of Kings to the benign Emperor with apologies will follow by Mr. Maltzoff, in order to reach the imperial gate of his Majesty; but the King's orders are these, that the Persian government has purchased the friendship of the Russian government with heart and soul, from which his Majesty would not withhold his hand. Tehran and Petersburgh he considers under one government. If such circumstance had happened at Petersburgh, of course the chiefs would have taken some course to remedy

* The Persians have an idea that the heavens revolve, and that each change produces an event, and according to the doctrine of the Koran they are fatalists.

it. We expect you to let us know what plan would be attempted in the case, without considering that we are separate governments, that we should execute your advice without any change, that we should act upon this advice, and after doing so to apologise for the deed which had been done at Tehran, that we should not leave the government under the load of shamefulness. However, the circumstance of the event which has happened this year has affected me the most from six sides (the heavens, the earth, and the four quarters of the world). I have melancholy grievances, but as you with your pure heart and kindness of nature brought to a close every thing last year, I expect from your usual frankness, that this affair will be concluded amicably, so as to convince his Imperial Majesty that we were not at all aware of it, and it was without our knowledge or wish : he must be convinced that the Persian government will do their utmost to punish with vengeance the individuals committing this offence, and that none of them will be spared. His Majesty is exerting himself to do away from himself this shameful transaction, and to receive from the Russian government their assurances of satisfaction for what he has done. Mirza Macsood will explain to you wholly on the subject."

No. 18.—From the Shah of Persia to his son Abbas Mirza.

" My auspicious and blessed son.—I am at a loss to report to you concerning the changeableness of this revolving sphere. Glory to God ! what wonderful accidents may sometimes happen. After that Mirza Grybydoff, the ambassador and the independent minister of the excellent government of Russia, arrived at the capital, and we were glad to find his arrival to be the means of the accomplishment of the treaty between the two governments, and we treated him with every possible kindness and hospitality, to please him beyond every thing, at the different courts held by his Majesty, by various attentions and inquiries, and he takes his leave exceedingly pleased and contented. By some unexpected folly of Mirza Yhacoub, some delay takes place at his departure ; at length the affair comes to this sort of wonderful disgrace, and there happens some circumstances which nobody has yet seen to happen in this government, nor has imagined it could ever happen. It would never come to my mind that the lower class of the metropolis ever could or would become the means of such imprudent conduct. After Mirza Yhacoub went to the ambassador to seek his protection, the ambassador sent him, accompanied by Mirza Yani Khan, to Eich Akase, or the chief eunuch of the seraglio, with a message that we are going to take Mirza Yhacoub with us. Some of the nobles of the court and those who dealt with Mirza Yhacoub then complained to his Majesty that Mirza Yhacoub is concerned with the money affairs of the treasure, and the management of trade with the harem and the treasury ; and, so far as we can see, at least 40 or 50,000 tomauns of the money of the government is in his hands at present. His Majesty was pleased to command that they should detain him till all should be discharged—his accounts settled, and the different affairs in which he is concerned, then he might be given up to the ambassador. From our respect to the ambassador, and being always willing to comply with his wishes, we commanded that no one should

interfere with Mirza Yhacoub at present, and let him be sent back to the ambassador accompanied by an interpreter, that in the presence of the ambassador he may settle his accounts; in short, it was determined that they should go to the law the next day. When Mirza Yhacoub, accompanied by the people of the ambassador, was at the court of law in the presence of the judges and moolahs, and some of the inhabitants of the metropolis, he began to insult both the religion and the government; his impertinent speech terrified and afflicted both high and low, and a great disturbance arose amongst the people, wherefore, in the capital of Islam this degree of insult should be offered to religion; but as the people had seen the degree of kindness of his Majesty and the nobles towards him, they bore his insults for a time, and remained silent. In the meanwhile, two women from the court of *Moosh*, who had formerly become prisoners, and had fallen into the hands of the general, were demanded by the ambassador, under the pretence that they were persons of Kirklesia, notwithstanding the inspectors had inquired, and knew perfectly well that they were not so. Yet, as the ambassador desired to inquire personally, we, in order to comply with his wishes, commanded that the two women should be taken to the ambassador, and that he might do so and send them back again; they were taken—he inquired and knew that they were not Russian subjects, and yet he would not send them back, and kept them for a pledge for some uncertain prisoners which he claimed, however much he was desired to send back these women, who for many years were Moslems—and whenever we know of any prisoners whom you mention, we will send them to you—this was no use; the complaint and lamentation of the women, who were highly displeased and dishonoured at being in his house, reached the hearing of the people, and became the means of increasing the tumult; yet from the fear of the punishment of his Majesty, no one showed any boldness in it. It happened that on the night of the same day of the transaction, some of the people of the ambassador had seized a woman in the street and had carried her off violently, and had insulted, the same day, one of the syeds* at the public bazaars beyond every thing. On the following morning, the lower orders and the rest of the community in a mob (washing their hands with their souls), with the intention of bringing out the women from the house of the ambassador, unexpectedly attacked his house; and on the other hand, the people of the ambassador and his guards opposing the people, they killed four or five Musselmans with the blows of the musquet balls, and wounded several. The people on seeing the bodies of the wounded, would not be pacified by any thing, nor listen to their moolahs, and the very children of the town, who were the leaders of the ignorant, with clubs and stones in their hands, ascended the roof and gate of the ambassador's house: the soldiers of the ambassador, and amongst them were some of your servants, Sulyman, the nephew of Eich Akasi, and others, who, by command of his Majesty had carried a message to the ambassador from his uncle concerning the settlement of the affair in question. By some fatal acci-

* A Syeed is a presumed descendant of the Prophet, and is always distinguished by a green turban.

dent, a blow reached the Elchee himself, who was killed, and this disgrace was brought upon our government. At first, when the report was brought to his Majesty, the children of the Prince Zelli Sultaun, my chief guard, with the cavalry of the guards, and the rest of my servants then at the court, were sent for the prevention of this disturbance, but the excitement of the mob was to such a degree that they could not quell it. Moreover, the lower orders in this revolution insulted and abused Zelli Sultaun himself, and at last the uproar of the mob extended so far that the gates of the palace were closed, but the soldiers of the guards, and the servants of Zelli Sultaun were able to do so far as to save, with the greatest difficulty, the first secretary and three others of the ambassador's servants. His Majesty is puzzled why and astonished that, notwithstanding the willingness which our mind cultivated between the treaty of these two governments, these wonderful things should happen, and particularly such as has never happened before in this government—the uproar of the mob and the resolution of the ignorant people have never had any connexion with this government. Now and then news would reach us from other governments that the people had set up some revolution, having done so and so, dismissing some minister, or changing the government. We are always surprised and astonished to hear how the affairs of sovereignty may be carried on with these difficulties. In those days when Hadji Khalib Khan, ambassador from this government, was killed in India by some accident of this sort, we would not believe it at first that it was not done intentionally—till we experienced the kindness of the English government, and beheld the firmness of their promise and contract, then we became assured the accident happened providentially, not intentionally. However, the grief and anxiety which have found their voice to our royal mind, will not come into any description by writing, and I need not explain and represent them. We value the friendship and treaty of that government more than you, my son, but our sorrow is beyond expression at this accident, because the publication of the circumstance will be the cause of disgrace to this government; although no sensible man would expect this sort of outrage, yet we deem it necessary that we should inform that son his excellency Mirza Amburger is there—you must inform him of the truth of this perfectly. We don't consider any difference between these two governments in regard to our friendship and union. Tehran and St. Petersburgh are the same—let them suppose that this accident has happened in that metropolis, not in this—and whatever they would do in such a case, we will do the same, according to any two religions or laws of either government. Whatever punishment is to be inflicted, or recompense given, we are perfectly ready to do so; and moreover, certainly the regards of the friendship and the cultivation of the contract is beyond any thing in our consideration; the expulsion of this disgrace from our government is our duty, and we shall do it. The bodies of the Russians are all buried with due respect to them, and we have treated with the greatest kindness, and shall continue to do so, the secretary and others saved. The leaders of the mob we have punished already in some degree, and shall continue to do so, and are expecting to receive some intelligence from that son concerning the

accomplishment of some reparation for this accident by Mirza Amburger, and we are about to send the deputy ambassador, accompanied by Razan Alikhum with an answer to the correspondence of the Emperor, with royal firmans to General Paskevitch within three days; these people, being present, having witnessed the transactions, they can state the truth better than any one else. In short, we demand assistance of that son in reparation of this disgrace."

His Majesty's Gazette of this horrible outrage being so very copious, leaves me but little to add respecting it; the ambassador, from the time of his arrival in Persia, had made himself very obnoxious at the court of Tabreez in various ways—amongst others, that of coming into the presence of the Prince with dirty boots, thereby soiling his carpets, than which nothing can be more offensive, and which only the courteous urbanity of an Abbas Mirza would overlook; at Zenjaun, on his way to Tehran, he took upon himself to interfere amongst the Armenian and Georgian subjects, to the extent of tying up and punishing most severely a Mahomedan, for having, as he said, inveigled away an Armenian woman, in which there was no truth; this gave such offence to the people, that they began to complain of their Shah, that he had not power to protect them against the Muscovite infidels; at Casvine he did the same, offering protection to all the renegadoes of the government, and interfering amongst the Georgians and Armenians in such a manner, that the people were quite indignant at his conduct; and he was seriously advised to leave the place, or they would not answer for his personal safety; arrived at Tehran (here the King tells his own story, and I have only to add a few et cæteras).

The guard spoken of by his Majesty consisted of a hundred men from the choice troops of the Shah; at Tehran his personal conduct was most indecent before the King; coming into his presence without that ceremonial and respect which is so much thought of in Persia; in fact, his Majesty's forbearance went so far, that the people began to complain of his being under Russian influence, and that he was no longer an independent monarch, and consequently unworthy to govern his people; the ambassador's house became a refuge for all the disaffected to the government—amongst others, to Mirza Yhacoub, who seems to have been the original cause of this tragical event. The women alluded to, as being detained all night, were most barbarously used by the Russians; in the morning they fled from the house almost naked, running through the streets imploring to be revenged on the infidels; this attracted a large crowd of the people, who, inflamed by their cries, went towards the ambassador's house, full of revenge for the injuries they had received. The guards (already alluded to) fired, and killed six of the Musselmauns: this excited the mob to the greatest fury, the bodies of these true believers were taken up and exposed at six different mosques, the moolahs made use of them to excite the people to a sort of frenzy, and to revenge the spilling of Mahomedan blood on their murderers the Muscovites. A body of 30,000 people had now congregated together, with the inflammable feeling which nothing could resist, and such a tide poured towards the ambassador's house as threatened annihilation to it and to its inmates; seeing the mob advance, it is said Mr. Grybydoff went forward with his sword drawn, but he was immediately knocked down by a stone on the temple;

the mob crying out, “ the Elchee is killed ;” then determined to massacre every one of the Russians, they broke in and dispatched most furiously about thirty of them, including Cossacks. In the mean time the King hearing of the tumult, sent his troops to the aid of the Russians, with Ali Shah at their head, as already described ; Mr. Maltzoff, whom he saved, he smuggled through the mob in a Persian uniform ; the three Cossacks were concealed in a stable ; the number of the mob which were shot by the Russians was about thirty ; never was the fury of the Persians supposed to have been so excited as by those provocations offered by the Russians ; the moolahs at the mosques displaying the bodies of the true believers butchered by the infidels, excited against them a wild demoniac rage, which nothing could stop ; they mounted the roofs of the houses, and rushed forward with ungovernable fury. Mirza Yhacoub was the first that fell, and they dragged his body around the city, and flung it into a ditch. The mob, not content with massacring the poor victims, made piles of the human rubbish, dipped their hands in the blood of the Muscovites, and with horrid shouts mocked and derided the fallen dead. One fellow, in particular, was so incensed as to be seen cutting pieces of flesh from the wretched slain. The body of the ambassador was found under the devoted heap with a finger cut off, supposed to have been for plunder ; it was deposited in the Armenian church, and the remainder were given over to the Armenians of the town, who have interred them in their own receptacles for the dead. They searched diligently, even with lighted candles, through the house for more victims, it being intimated that there were some concealed (these were no doubt the three Cossacks alluded to) ; they then proceeded to the stables of the British residence, where they murdered seven or eight Russian servants, and carried off all their horses. The unfortunate Mr. Grybydoff was only 32 years of age, a man of extraordinary talent as a linguist, and as an author he had much distinguished himself ; his lady was at that time at Tabreez, the daughter of Prince Tcheftekwadze, of Teflis. I saw her go off with the Russian consul already spoken of, though she was kept in ignorance of the tragical death of her husband. On arrival of the news at Tabreez, the consternation of the Prince was excessive ; he immediately sent for Colonel Macdonald to consult with him what was to be done ; a general mourning was ordered for two months ; the news arrived on the day of some grand fête ; he gave immediate orders for all rejoicings to be stopped, on the penalty of twelve tomauns each person, and losing their toe nails. Mirza Macsood was sent off to Teflis to General Paskevitch with the letter, of which a copy has been given, and sometime after the body of the murdered ambassador arrived on its way to the same destination for interment ; it was lodged in an Armenian church outside the town, the Persians having a superstitious prejudice to corpses being received within the city gates.*

* I never heard this explained ; but instances have come before me confirmatory of this prejudice ; the gallant and much respected Major Hart, whose name was a passport for every thing that was honourable and generous, died outside the city of Tabreez, in June, 1830. To bring him in for interment in the Armenian church, the body was dressed up in full uniform, and brought in a Takht Ravan, in an upright posture of seeming vitality.

It was first stated that the apologies offered to General Paskevitch were deemed sufficient; and that to confirm the amicable feeling of the Russian government, another ambassador would be sent to Tehran, General Dolgorouky; and it was then thought the storm had blown over, but by a second dispatch it was stated that the affair must be settled at St. Petersburg, and not at Tefflis; this occasioned great consternation to Abbas Mirza, who, at length, sent his son, Khousroo Mirza, with the "Ameer y Nizam," to the Russian capital on a mission of apologies.*

I shall close my report of this tragical event at Tehran by a copy from the Petersburg Gazette respecting it, which I saw at Arz Roum, when in the Russian camp, where the officers were very curious to hear my version of it from Persia. Monsieur Rodofinikin, the son of the Oriental dragoman at the court of St. Petersburg, at whose tent we were at dinner, read the said Gazette, of which the following is a copy:—

"March 15—27, 1829. Letters received from Tehran inform us of a horrible catastrophe, which took place in that city on the 29th January, in consequence of a quarrel between some of the servants of our minister, Mr. Grybydoff, and some of the people. Some idlers being assembled in front of the minister's house during the quarrel, thought they ought to take part in it; and some amongst them being killed, an immense crowd flew from the bazaars to revenge their countrymen, forced the door of the house, scaled the walls in spite of the resistance of our Cossacks, and that of the Persian guards, who lost four men in this attack, and succeeded in penetrating into the interior apartments, where every one who ventured before the rage of the infuriated mob was massacred. In vain the Shah himself, accompanied by his son, Zelli Sultaun, Governor-General of Tehran, arrived with a considerable armed force to arrest and disperse the wretches; it was too late—Mr. Grybydoff and his suite had been already victims of the assassins; the first secretary of legation Mr. Maltzoff, and three other individuals, have alone escaped the carnage. The Shah, Abbas Mirza and all the court are in the greatest consternation; the latter has ordered a mourning for eight days, anxious to give us all the satisfaction which we require. He proposes to send for that purpose to the Count Paskevitch d'Erivan, his eldest son, and the Caimacan, to bring all the

* I happened to overtake the Persian mission at Tula, on my way to Moscow; they were that morning visiting the "Fabrique d'Armes," a very large establishment of which the Russians are justly proud; so falling into their train, what with my Persian cap, pelisse, &c. I was taken by the authorities as belonging to their suite. Once or twice they looked at me very hard, as to say, "Who are you?" still I passed on. The "conductor," a Russian officer (as I took him to be), at length seeing that neither the Prince nor the Persians addressed me, began to suspect that I was not one of them, and a lady coming up inquiring how it was that I was not at the theatre last evening with the Prince, I was so completely posed, that the officer could no longer forbear asking me who and what I was; on my replying, "Un voyageur Anglois," he burst into a loud laugh. "Well," said he, "and I am all the way from Birmingham." It was a Mr. Jones, who wore the Russian epaulettes, as superintendent of his Imperial Majesty's "Fabrique d'Armes." I spent the evening at his house, and was introduced to his family; the cause of his emigration was, his talent being worth more at Tula than at Birmingham.

details, and all the explanations which the commander-in-chief can require respecting this disastrous event."

Thus ended this dreadful tragedy of the Persian mob, of whom it may be said—

“They played such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As to make e'en angels weep.”

None of them were punished by the government; and no compensation was required of their government. Khoussroo Mirza was feted every where in Russia; his reception by the Emperor was gracious and flattering, and, for the season, the Persian Prince was the lion of St. Petersburg.

No. 19.—Royal Firmans.

The inflated style of the Persian royal decrees, or “firmans,” amused me much; I therefore copied the following:—

“Preamble of a treaty between Futtee Ali Shah, King of Persia, and the Marquis of Wellesley, Governor-General of India, by Sir John Malcolm.*

“Praise be to God, who said, ‘Oh you who believe, perform your contracts, perform your covenant with God, and enter into covenant with him, and violate not your engagements after the ratification thereof;’ after the voice is raised to the glory of the God of the world, and the brain is perfumed with the scent of the saints and prophets, to whom be health and glory, whose rare perfections are perpetually chaunted by birds of melodious notes (angels), furnished with two, three, and four pair of wings, and to the highest seated in the heavens, for whom good has been predestinated, and the perfume mixed with musk, which scentheth the celestial mansions of those that sing hymns in the ethereal sphere, and to the light of the flame of the Most High, which gives radiant splendour to the collected view of those who dwell in the heavenly regions. The clear meaning of the treaty which has been established on a solid basis, is fully explained in this page, and is fixed as a prescription of law, that in the world of existence and trouble, in this universe of creation and concord, there is no action among those of mankind that tends more to the perfection of the human race, or to answer the end of their being and existence, than that of cementing friendship, and establishing intercourse, communication, and connection betwixt each other. The image reflected from the mirror of accomplishment is a tree fruitful and abundant, and one that produces good both now and hereafter. To illustrate the allusions that it has been proper to make, and explain these metaphors worthy of exposition at this happy period of auspicious aspect, a treaty has been concluded between the high in dignity, the exalted in station, attended by fortune of great and splendid power; the greatest amongst the high viziers in whom confidence is placed, the faithful of the powerful government, the adorned with greatness, power, glory, splendour, and fortune, Hadgi Ibrahim Khan, on being granted leave, and vested

* This treaty was formed in 1800, at Sir John's first visit to Persia, and had reference to the Persians supplying a large force to protect the Hon. Company's territories from the incursions of the Affghauns.

with authority from the principal post of the high king, whose court is like that of Solyman, the asylum of the world, the sign of the power of God, the jewel in the King of Kings, the ornament in the cheek of eternal empire, the grace of the beauty of sovereignty and royalty, the king of the universe, like Caherman, the mansion of mercy and justice, the Phoenix of good fortune, the eminence of never-fading prosperity, the King, powerful as Alexander, who has no equal among the princes exalted to majesty by the heavens in the globe, or shade from the shade of the Most High, a Khoosroo, whose saddle is the moon, and whose stirrup is the new moon, a prince of great rank, before whom the sun is concealed."

[Then follow the Arabic verses, or compliments to the envoy.]

"Thy benevolence is universally dispersed, every where drops are scattered, thy kindness shadows cities, may God fix firm the basis of thy dominion, and may God fix and extend thy power over the servants of the Almighty; and high in station and dignity, the great and able in power, the adorer of those acquainted with manners, Captain John Malcolm, delegated from the sublime quarter of the high in power, seated on a throne, the asylum of the world, the chief jewel in the crown of royalty and sovereignty, the anchor of the vessel of victory and fortune, the ship on the sea of glory and empire, the blazing sun in the sky of greatness and glory, lords of the countries of England and India, may God strengthen his territories, and establish his glory and commands upon the seas! in the manner explained in his credentials, which are sealed with the seal of the most powerful and the most glorious, possessing fortune, the origin of rank, splendour, and nobility, the ornament of the world, the accomplisher of the works of mankind, the Governor-General of India.

"The treaty between these two great states shall be binding on race after race, while the world exists, and act in conformity to what is now settled.

"Article I. As long as the sun, illuminating the circle of the two great contracting parties, shines on their sovereign dominions, and bestows light on the whole world, the beautiful image of excellent union shall remain fixed on the mirror of duration and perpetuity, the thread of shameful enmity and distance shall be cut, conditions of mutual aid and assistance between the two states shall be instituted, and all causes of hatred and hostility shall be banished." (Then follow four other articles, the treaty being bound by the following conclusion). "While time endures and while the world exists, the contents of this exalted treaty shall remain an admired picture in the mirror of duration and perpetuity, and submission to the fair image on this conspicuous page shall be everlasting."

"Firman granted by the King to an annexed treaty.*

"In the name of the beloved and great God (then comes the King's seal), the earth is the Lord's, our august commands are issued, that the high in dignity, the exalted in station, the refuge of power and glory, the noble, the great in authority, the chiefs of high nobles, the Beg-

* This treaty was of a commercial nature, and was formed by Sir John Malcolm on his second visit to Persia, in the year 1810.

lerbegs, the Haukeins, the Naibs and Mossudies of the kingdom under our protection (who are raised by our royal favour), become acquainted that at this period the dignified and eminent in station, the prudent, able, and penetrating, the greatest of the exalted followers of the Messiah, Captain John Malcolm, deputed from a glorious quarter, from the government of the King of England, whose court resembles the firmament, an emperor in dignity, like Alexander, possessing the power of the globe, and from the repository of glory, greatness, and nobility, endowed with arbitrary power and justice, the Governor-General of the kingdom of Hindostan, for the purpose of establishing union and friendship between the two great states, has arrived at our threshold, founded on justice, and has been honoured by admission to our royal presence of conspicuous splendour, and has expressed a desire that the foundations of amity and union should be laid between the two states, that they should be connected together in the bonds of friendship and harmony, and that a constant union and reciprocal good understanding should exist. We, from our august selves, have given our consent, and have granted the requests of the high in rank above mentioned, and a treaty sealed with the seal of the minister of our ever-enduring government has been given to him ; and you, the exalted in station, are positively enjoined of the necessity (after you become informed of our royal and august order) for all of you acting in strict conformation with the conditions of the treaty concluded and exchanged between the high in rank, the exalted in station, the great and glorious in power, near to the throne, in whom the royal confidence is placed, Hadji Ibrahim Khan, and the high in rank, the envoy, Captain John Malcolm (whose titles have been before enumerated) : let no one act contrary to this high command, or to the contents of the annexed treaty, and should it ever be represented to us that any of the great nobles conduct themselves in opposition to the stipulations of this treaty, or are in this respect either guilty or negligent, such will incur our displeasure and punishment, and be exposed to our royal anger, which is like fire, and let them view this as an obligation.

"Dated on the ninth of Shauban, in the year of Hegira, 1215."—
(January, 1801.) Signed by nine ministers.

Royal Firman relative to the Mines in Persia, from the Shah to his Son, Abbas Mirza.

In the year of the Hegira, 1245. (A. D. 1830.)

"The royal and auspicious command of his Majesty was issued (to wit) that the keys of the gates of prosperity, and the brilliancy of the soul of Royalty—the accomplished and distinguished son—the deputy of this everlasting Sovereignty, Abbas Mirza, may he be blessed and happy. And be it known to him that according to what has been represented to our illustrious presence, that incomparable son has granted to the sagacious, faithful, and highly distinguished servant, his Excellency ——, the important affairs of the mines of Ajerbijan, and has committed the execution of that important service to the charge of the endeavours of the above-mentioned distinguished gentleman; and since the manners of the sagacity, and the intellectual power of the above-mentioned gentleman has become manifest to the presence

of his Majesty, We have from the beginning of the year 1244, and the time to come, granted the execution of that important affair to the above-mentioned gentleman, that according as it suits that distinguished gentleman's natural talent, he may employ his skill and services towards that concern, he may bring the well-informed miners from whatever country he may find out, and employ according to his own management and sagacity; so that he may prove the manifestation of his services in procuring the fruits of the mines. And we further command, that that son, according to what he had agreed, will confine the execution of that important science to the above-mentioned gentleman, and all the accessory helps on your part should be stored upon him, and to establish him in his important service, and heal him with your royal favour. We further command that their Excellencies the distinguished nobles of the Court of Exchequer, and the Ministers of the supreme Court of Royalty should preserve copy of this royal Firman in their respective registers, and preserve them from any alteration or forgery."

(Sealed with his Majesty's imperial seal, and registered and sealed by the grand Vizier and twelve other Ministers of State.)

Royal Firman from Abbas Mirza, relative to the Mines.

"The royal command is issued, viz., that the object of our illustrious mind is this—that the mines which are in the country of Ajerbijan, as far as are under our dominion, should not remain useless nor unproductive—nay, they should be useful and profitable; and as his Excellency —, &c., &c., on whose learning and the high degree of his service we have great confidence, and are sensible of. He in the auspicious presence of his Royal Highness, requested that he should be appointed to execute this important service, and have committed to his charge the mines of the above-mentioned countries. We have granted for the space of twenty-one years, that he may procure miners from England whensoever he should approve them to be learned and distinguished in this art, to open the mines; and by the help of God they should employ all their endeavours and efforts that this important affair should be terminated with success, and so may be the means of the increase of the royal favour towards him," &c.

(The grant was confirmed by the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Persia.)

*Firman from Mahmoud Mirza, the present Shah of Persia
(Son of Abbas Mirza).*

"This royal order denotes, that since the powerful and penetrating command of his Royal Highness the superior and my Lord of Bounty, the mighty deputy of sovereignty to whom my life is devoted, has established the honour of working the mines," &c. &c. (recapitulating as before.)

"We, therefore, obediently to the royal commands, according to its contents, it having been commanded and ordered to us, who are the most obedient of servants, that we should also pass and order agreeably to the royal command. We, therefore, obediently to the royal commands of his Royal Highness (our father), in the manner that that royal order has passed, from the beginning of the present

year until the time above-mentioned, have granted that important affair to the above-mentioned distinguished gentleman, in order that without interruption or interference of any one, he should work the above-mentioned mines. We further command that the great marshals and the superior nobles—the governors of the different districts of Ajerbijan, shall obey this command, and consider all the requisites and necessaries therein confined exclusively to him; their Excellencies the secretaries of the blessed state should register and preserve the contents of the royal Firman, and having preserved it from the guile of any alterations, and obey it necessarily."

Firman from Abbas Mirza accrediting the before-mentioned "distinguished Gentleman" to the Government of the Sublime Porte.

(After various salutations.) "We represent that in conformity to the friendship and unanimity which exists between the two sublime powers, the constant desire of our heart is that we may make inquiries respecting the true state of your Majesty's health in a becoming manner, and evince in an appropriate way the degree of friendship which exists in our heart towards your Majesty.

"Wherefore at this time, when the 'Alijah' (the illustrious) the ornament of Christian nobles, —— being about to proceed to that country (Turkey) we have written this epistle expressing our sincerity.

"The afore-mentioned 'Alijah,' one of our agents, on his way to England, by Constantinople, for the accomplishment of some affairs, and intends to return after a while; it is therefore requested from your Majesty that during the stay of the said 'Alijah' in Constantinople, and before his departure for England, whatever he may require with regard to the affairs of the sublime power of Persia, and shall make known the same to your Majesty according to the friendship existing between the two sublime powers, you will be pleased to take notice of them; so that, if it please God, by the assistance and attention of your Majesty, the affairs that are committed to him may be accomplished." (The conclusion in peace.)

Reply from the Caimacan Pasha to Abbas Mirza.

(After the customary titles.) "We have received through the channel of the most excellent amongst the noblest of Christians, ——, who is on his way to the British Government on the part of the illustrious Government of Persia, the letter which your Royal Highness has addressed to his Highness the Supreme Vizier, to request that a favourable reception be given to the demands of the above-mentioned Khan relative to your affairs; we have perfectly understood the meaning thereof.

"The Sublime Porte of everlasting duration have always had at heart to receive favourably and agreeably to treaties, all subjects and agents of the kind, belonging to the illustrious Government of Persia, bound in sincere friendship with the Sublime Porte.

"It is for this reason, and in consequence of the above-mentioned Khan having made known to us that he is going to proceed to England, agreeable to the instructions given to him, that we seize of the circumstance to address the present friendly letter to your Royal Highness." (Many compliments follow.)

GERSHOM.

EMBLEMS OF DESTINY.

Did'st ever mark an eagle in the sky,
 Cleaving the azure as he soars on high
 In royal pride,
 Fall from his glory, and with wounded wing
 Lie on the earth a pierc'd and stricken thing,
 And so has died ?

Did'st ever watch a flow'ret in the spring,
 With the first tint of beauty glittering,
 No bud so fair,
 Fade, fall, and wither 'neath the cruel blast
 Which nipt the blossom as it rudely past,
 And left it there ?

Did'st ever in some hour of melting mood,
 When care or sorrow had thy heart subdu'd,
 Strike some old lyre,
 Whose broken chords awoke no joyous tone,
 Whose every note of harmony was gone,
 And fled its fire ?

Did'st ever mark upon some sapling green,
 One lonely leaf, amid its verdure seen
 Of blighted hue,
 So dark and drear, it mock'd alike the beam
 Of April's sunny sky, and fresh'ning stream
 Of summer's dew ?

Did'st ever meet within the forest glade
 A broken fountain, on which time had laid
 His hoary hand ;
 Its waters dry, its venerable stone
 To ruin crumbling, or with moss o'ergrown,
 Not long to stand ?

Did'st ever see a shatter'd gem or stone,
 Or watch amid the heav'n-bespangled zone
 A falling star ?
 Then these, all these, if thou hast ever seen,
 The mirrors of my fate, have ever been,
 And still they are !

NORSE PAPERS.—No. II.

BY GEORGE DOWNES, M.A.—M.R.I.A., &c.

AUTHOR OF "THREE MONTHS IN THE NORTH," &c.

Antiquitates Americanæ.—Second Notice.

IN the diminutive group of islets between Shetland and Iceland, properly called FÆROE—for the name *Færoe Islands* involves tautology*—there has existed from heathen times a stock of traditions, more than commensurate with their superficial contents and circumscribed situation. These are, in the insular dialect, called *kväjir*, and differ but little from the Icelandic *rimur*, the Danish and Swedish *hæmpeviser* and *kämpavisor*, and the English *ballads*: a few of them are of demihistorical importance. A large number of these "*Færøiske Kväjir*" was published in 1822, at Randers, in Jutland, by H. C. Lyngbye; and another, in manuscript, collected in 1781 and 1782 by J. C. Svaboe, is deposited in the Royal Library at Copenhagen. The published volume treats largely of the redoubted Sigurd and his posterity, who is celebrated in the Edda as the slayer of Fofner or Fafner, and is identical with Sivrid or Siegfried, the hero of the far-famed Song of the Niebelungs.

The ballad, of which a rather close translation is here given, is printed in the original Færoeish, accompanied by a free Latin version, in the *Antiquitates Americanæ*, which does so much credit to the critical acumen and unwearied industry of Charles Christian Rafn. It was selected for publication by the professor, not from any belief in its historical foundation, but because the scene is partly laid in Vineland, the most important among the American discoveries of the Northmen. It shows how widely the reports concerning that remote region had spread over the North, and also that the belief of an early intercourse between Ireland and America prevailed among the Færoe islanders: indeed it appears, on the authority of the Rev. J. H. Schröter, of Thorshavn (the capital of Færoe), that a current tradition exists in those islands, that Vineland was first discovered by Irishmen, who made a descent upon the country, and waged war for its possession.† And it may not be irrelevant here to record that—in addition to the mass of evidence in favour of an ante-Columbian discovery of America, advanced in the *Antiquitates Americanæ* (against which the dogmatism of one modern work and the scepticism of another will have but little weight)—a gentleman, who lately visited St. Petersburgh, heard from an American merchant, residing in that capital, that a tradition connected with the Norse invasion still exists in the songs of the Indians, inhabiting what may be styled the Scandinavian portion of North America.

* The name *Færoe* is derived from the Danish *faar*, "sheep," and *oe*, "island," from the flocks with which the islets were found covered when first visited by Norwegian fugitives in the days of Harold the Fair-haired, and which are supposed to have been lineal descendants of the live stock of certain Irish ecclesiastics, who had also, at an earlier period, sought refuge from persecution in this remote region.

† See NORSE PAPERS, No. I.—in No. III. vol. I. of this Magazine, for March, 1839.

The poem is divided into 104 stanzas, of four lines each. The following—the 87th—will give an idea of the metre :—

“Finnur rujur uj Herin fram,
Aj vil han undan flugja,
Trujvur um annan Vijnkongan,
Klejv han uj Lutir trujgja.”

Ingeborg * (*Ingjibjörg*) not being an Irish name, that of *Inibheaca* is suggested by the Danish editor. As the poem is but pseudo-historical, the Irish annals would hardly throw any light on the subject.

A certain earl dwells in Upland † (it is good to proceed from the beginning) : he had two sons, whom I can readily name. He had two sons, whom I can readily name : Holdan the Strong, and Finn the Fair well can summon warriors.‡ Holdan was the elder brother, Finn was the younger. He was in every way excellent, yet fortune fell heavy on him. Finn is at play §—he thus addresses his fellow-warriors :—

“Where have you known my match ? this have I long thought on.”

The youths answer their lord :—“Why dost thou thus inquire ?|| Best knowest thou thyself whither thy mind inclines. We cannot tell thee aught more truly : Ireland’s king has a beauteous daughter. Ireland’s king has a wise daughter ; if thou canst get her for thy spouse, she can certainly adorn thy life. Ireland’s king has a daughter, beauteous is she as the sun ; the colour of the virgin is, to look upon, as of blood which flows on snow.”¶

“If she is so desirable as ye set forth, the daughter of Ireland’s king shall be wooed, betide me whatever may.”

So Finn the Fair has his ships prepared ; he has all the ropes twisted of red gold. So Finn the Fair has his ships prepared ; he has beer and wine stowed at each side. Finn has his ships fashioned at his good leisure ; of gold were the planks which rose above the waters. Pitched were the beaks, the planks were blue, the mast-tops were of red gold, they shone in the sun. Pitched were the beaks, carved was every beam, the poop and rudder of red gold ; then was the sail on high. He hoists his silken sail, the edge weaved of gold : he never lowers it to the lading ** till he has reached Ireland. A herd is walking through the pasture, guarding sheep and goats : he sees a

* This rather common northern name is thus explained in the Notes to STRONG’s Translation of *Frithiof’s Saga* : p. 9 :—“The citadel of youth, i. e. prepared to stand a siege.”

† Not Swedish, but Norwegian Upland, an obsolete division of the latter country.

‡ The original—“*Drajngjun stevna*”—means either to provoke to the combat, or to summon on military service.

§ Engaged in athletic sports.

|| Færoish, “*spirjun*,” the Scottish “speer.”

¶ “On a time then her tutor was slaying a veal calf in the snow, outside in the winter, to prepare food for her, she saw a raven drinking the blood in the snow : Then she says to Levarcam—Lovely, truly, would the man be who were marked with those three colours ; that is, the hair like the raven, and the cheek like the blood, and the body like the snow.” O’FLANAGAN’s Translation of *Deirdri*, in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin* : p. 155.

** Furls and deposits it on the lading—the various articles about the deck.

ship coming over the sea, and making for the haven. He drives all the sheep together into a green field ; he then puts on his blue cloak, he goes to the king's hall. He then puts on his blue cloak, he goes to the king's hall :—

“ In one thing truly I am wiser than you all. In one thing truly I am wiser than you all : I see a ship coming over the sea, with sails as white as snow.”

“ Seest thou a ship coming over the sea with sails as white as linen ? Doubtless some prince approaches, to woo my daughter.”

When his vessel has touched the fair land, he casts anchor on the white sand. First Finn the Fair sets foot on land, twelve corsetted warriors at his right hand. Then went up from the strand powerful men and strong. Rollers broke and the earth shook, as they set the bark in its station. Up in the middle of the grass-plot he puts on his rich robe,* and thus clad goes he into the high halls. And thus clad goes he into the high halls, where Ireland's king sat at table with men in hundreds five.† Finn went into the hall in a silk-bound cap ; his cheeks are red as lobsters' claws, and his eyes are like a dove's. Finn goes across the hall-floor, and conforms to ancient usage : he tells the whole in one word, he salutes, and makes proposals. Finn stands on the hall-floor, and declares his business :—

“ Hail, Ireland's powerful king ! give me thy daughter.”

Then answers him Ireland's king, as he sits girt with a sword :—“ Thou shalt tell thy race, and from what land thou art come.”

“ I myself am called Finn the Fair, Holdan is my brother, Earl Ulvur is my father, Dame Gertrude is my mother.”

“ There seems to her friends and kindred to be a very great inequality ; she is a king's choice daughter, thou art an earl's son.”

Finn is standing on the hall-floor, he studies his advantage :—“ This same knight thinks he is thy equal. If thou wilt not give me the maid, ere I go hence, it shall be thy ruin, and that of many of thy warriors. If thou wilt not give me thy daughter in marriage, I offer thee another condition ; life shall employ hands.”‡ Finn ran across the hall-floor, both nimble and eager ; he then overthrew eighteen warriors ere he got out. Finn ran across the hall-floor both with caution and in safety : just as many fell in his cause, and thus were the numbers of the slain made equal. Eighteen were the warriors, who bore wounds under their clothing ere they got Finn the Fair into prison.§ They took the fair Finn, and put him in bonds ; they spared neither steel nor iron about his bright hand. They took the fair Finn and put him

* The word here translated “ grass-plot”—“ *Gräsagäri*”—is in the Latin version rendered “ *horto*. ” From the similarity of the passages it is probably cognate with the Swedish original of “ castle-yard,” in the following extract from the *Foreign Quarterly Review* : No. 49 ; p. 26 :—“ From the high bower-stair see they the coming of the stranger-knight, and how he in the castle-yard taketh upon him his fine cloak, may be of precious skins.” Færoeish, “ *Skjin*, ” “ Skin”—a robe lined with precious skins.

† Literally :—“ and hundreds five, ” by the figure which rhetoricians call *hendiadys*.

‡ We must fight till either fall. Some reciters give a different reading of two lines, according to which the meaning would be that the king should contend for his life and lands.

§ Færoeish :—“ *Mirkastovu*, ” “ dark room ”—the black hole.

in cold iron ; then it was that Princess Ingeborg was seized with anxiety and grief. Then it was that Princess Ingeborg went to her father barefoot, in a night-dress and linen fillet. Then it was that Princess Ingeborg fell upon her knee :—

“ Do what beseems thy manliness, and grant the knight to me.”

“ There seems to thy friends and kindred to be a very great inequality ; thou art a king’s choice daughter, he is an earl’s son.”

Ingeborg hastened out of the hall ; at that moment she was wroth :—“ God let me never live the day I ask of thee counsel more ! Hear this, good father mine ; the matter rests with thee : a messenger shall go for strong Holdan, so stands thy life in jeopardy.” She calls to her foot-page, and clothes him in rich attire :—“ I have, in truth, found that thou hast been faithful to me.” He was swift of foot who was to bear the message ; she has all his clothes adorned with roses and lilies :—“ Hear this, my little page, and fix it well in thy memory : thou shalt not enjoy sweet sleep till thou hast first found Holdan.”

He was swift of foot who bore these tidings forth to the lands where powerful Holdan was. It was then the little page approached the court of the dwelling ; powerful Holdan himself was standing without before him. It was then the little page went into the hall ; Holdan sat down on the high-seat :* he was of changeful countenance :—

“ Welcome, little page, that hast come now to my house ; drink what thou likest better—mead or wine.”

“ Little it recks me of thy mead and much less† of the wine ; I have another errand here to-day for thee. Know thou this now, powerful Holdan, I bear a message unto thee : thy brother, who is in Ireland, is placed in great danger.”

Then it was that powerful Holdan pushed his table, all the brown mead flowed on the hall-floor. Holdan sprang forth across the table, both in fury and wrath ; fifteen were the golden cups he brake asunder then. Holdan has his forces collected both of serfs and freemen—here came two when one was bidden—to avenge Finn the Fair. He hoists his silken sail, the edge weaved of gold ; he never lowers it to the lading till he has reached Ireland. He casts anchor on the white sand. First Holdan the Strong sets foot on land. He went off secretly from the strand, none were of that aware ; he burned both women and children within, when he came to any dwelling. Then remembered Holdan all that had been done : he sets fire to the castle, and beams against the door. He set fire to the castle, and beams against the door ; he burned Ireland’s king within, which should rather have happened before.

Answered then Ireland’s king, he calls both sharp and high :—“ What sort of evil have I done that I am burnt to-night ?”

Then answered Holdan the Strong, he speaks thus forth :—“ Truly thou knowest, Ireland’s king, that I once had a brother.”

Then answered Ireland’s king in such heavy need :—‡ “ Finn is in prison, he is not dead.”

* The *dais* of the Anglo-Saxons—the elevated part of the room.

† Literally :—“ half less.”

‡ The “ *grand mot de nécessité*. ”—FREGIER.

Holdan went to the prison's entrance without any hinderance ; he cleaves the door of tough iron, he unlooses the valiant captive. He cleaves the door of tough iron, he unlooses the valiant captive :—" Stand up, Finn, brother mine, if thou art able to walk."

Up leaped then Finn the Fair, he bore his cheek so bold :*—" I have to pay the king reckoning for this cold iron." Finn leaped out of the prison, to ire was he inclined :—" I have to pay the king reckoning for this dark house."

Then answered powerful Holdan, the so distinguished hero :—" Hear this, Finn, brother mine ; vengeance no more can light on him." Then he seated himself, and thus addresses him :—" Hear this, Finn, brother mine—he has been burnt with fire."

They went from the prison, both in quiet and safety, then both into the high bower † to Ingeborg :—" Hail Princess Ingeborg, the fair and the bright ! Wilt thou choose one prince here above all ?"

Then answered Ingeborg :—" The worst is still remaining : if ye had slain the Vine-kings ‡, ye might then wed me."

Then answered powerful Holdan :—" It may make women weep : whoever sails on Vineland's sea, dangers must he meet."

Finn leaped out of the hall with might and main :—" I will go to Vineland, even though I may not come back again." He hoists his silken sail, the edge weaved of gold : he never lowers it to the lading till he has reached Vineland. Up in the middle of the grass-plot he puts on his rich robe, and thus clad goes he into the high halls. And thus clad goes he into the high halls, as the Vine-kings were sitting at table with men in hundreds five. Finn went into the hall, and stood before their table. The kings are sitting on the high seat ; they utter not one word. Early was it in the morning, at dawn before the sun : then the Vine-kings themselves had armed twelve hundred men. Then the Vine-kings themselves had armed twelve hundred men. Singly § Finn the Fair against them all rode forth. Finn rides forth upon the host ; valiant was he to look upon ; he hews so fast on both hands that he fells two and three. Finn rides forth upon the host, the might within him waxes ; he hews so fast on both hands that he fells five and six. They fought two full days ; fires blaze from swords ; he touched not the earth, he trampled trunks of men. Finn rides forth upon the host ; thence he will not flee : it has been told me as a fact that only three remained. Finn rides forth upon the host, the report spread far ; he seizes the first Vine-king, he clove him into parts twain. Finn rides forth upon the host ; thence he will not flee ; he seizes the second Vine-king, he clove him into parts three. Finn sat down upon the ground ; now must he thence flee ; a dragon flew up into the air, and began to spew venom.|| Venom

* With a look of spirit.

† *Færoeish* :—" *Loft*," "loft"—the female apartment in the uppermost story.

‡ Kings of Vineland, the country now called New England. Some have confounded the *Vinland* with the *Vindland* of the Icelanders, and also with *Finland*. *Vindland* is the land of the Wends, or Sclavonians, now Pomerania.

§ *Færoeish* :—" *Ajnsunmadlur*," "a lone man."

|| Those who have visited the picture-gallery in the Christianborg Palace, at Copenhagen, will remember the interesting piece by a living Danish artist, representing the fate of the evil spirit of Scandinavian mythology, *Loke*. " Secured upon

spews the foul dragon down on Finn's corslet; he was not overcome by arms, he desires it to be denied.*

When Holdan saw this, that his brother was fallen, terribly with mighty wrath he rushed forth upon the host. Terribly with mighty wrath he rushed forth upon the host; he seized the third Vine-king, he clove him into parts twain. Then rides the powerful Holdan through the green wood, neither hawk nor hound follows him with its voice. He hoists his silken sail, the edges weaved of gold: he never lowers it to the lading till he has reached Ireland.

Ingeborg stands at a glass-window, she speaks these words:—"It is not Finn the Fair that is standing on the lofty stern." Ingeborg stands at a glass-window, both fair and wise:—"It is not Finn the Fair that is sitting on the lofty stern." Ingeborg stands at a glass-window; she lacks not wealth:—"It is not Finn the Fair, that can I well see."

He casts anchor on the white sand: first Holdan the Powerful sets foot on land. In the middle of the grass-plot he puts on his rich robe, and thus clad goes he in to Ingeborg:—"Hail, Princess Ingeborg, the fair and the bright! Wilt thou promise to choose this prince as Ireland's?"†

Then answered Ingeborg, she holds red gold:‡—"I promise no prince, since Finn is dead." Ingeborg answered in such heavy need:—"I promise myself to no living man since Finn is dead."

She slept one night in the castle; she slept in Holdan's arms. It has been told me as a fact that she became heart-broken with grief. With grief for him she became heart-broken—that so powerful dame: I swear this oath by my troth, the like befalls no woman now. Then it was that powerful Holdan had a castle built for himself; therein he wasted his life away in grief and heavy sorrow.

L'Enboi.

A spur of gold around my foot I bind,
To tame my steed to run before the wind.

Dublin, 19th June, 1840.

a rock which sustains him on three acute apices, by ligaments composed of the entrails of his own offspring, he would be exposed to a perpetual guttulous descent of burning venom from a poisonous serpent suspended over his face, *did not his wife Siguna*, notwithstanding his former infidelity, remain *constantly seated by his side*, holding a vessel with which she intercepts the falling drops. It is only during the interval whilst she empties the overflowing vase, that his flesh receives the caustic, which inflicts pain so tremendous that he howls with horror, and writhing his agonized frame, occasions earthquakes."—Notes to STRONG's Translation of *Frithiof's Saga*: p. 167.

* The Danish editor supposes that Finn requests his brother to testify the manner of his death.

† To choose me for your husband, who will thus become heir to the Irish throne.

‡ Probably a gold ring or collar, a form of adjuration, prevalent among many ancient nations. Those acquainted with Irish antiquities are aware of the oath:—"By the collar of Moran." Near Slagelse, in the Danish island of Zealand, "were found, in the year 1817 three oval and very massive gold rings cut across, the form of which renders it probable that they were sacred rings, of the kind used in heathen times, on taking an oath. Human figures, holding rings of the same form in their hands, are found on Gallo Germanic coins."—See the *Nordisk Tidsskrift for Oldkyn-dighed* [Northern Chronicle of Antiquity]: vol. 1; p. 182.

JACK.

MONSIEUR Beau was a Frenchman, his age I won't tell,
 Who in Paris past off for a beau and a swell ;
 And wishing to make himself equally grand,
 In our own little island a voyage he planned ;
 And embarked in a steam-boat the channel to cross,
 Called "*The Salt Water Omnibus Patent Sea Horse.*"
 Derry down, &c.

Now wishing to make himself perfectly pat
 With our dear English ling and slang, and all that,
 He always inquired the signification
 Of every new word with extreme animation ;
 And of all the new words that most took him aback,
 The hardest that puzzled poor Monsieur was Jack.

Derry down, &c.

On hearing this strange word so often repeated,
 Our Frenchman determined no more to be cheated ;
 So calling a Jack-tar he held by his jacket,
 And inquired what Jack meant on board the steam packet ;
 Why my name is Jack, sir, the sailor replied,
 And my dear, jolly messmates are all Jacks beside.

Derry down, &c.

The Frenchman he stared, and he said, Sare, what mean you,
 Why have you, you rascals, but one name between you ?
 No, sir, said Jack Johnson, the whole British navy
 Has no name but Jack at the service of Davey ;
 Every Jack has his Gill, sir, when we go ashore,
 And Jack is the name, sir, we'll bear ever more.

Derry down, &c.

The Frenchman now found that the name of poor Jack
 Was the name that John Bull always wore on his back ;
 And he laughed at the thought of discovering a nation
 Of Jacks—but no Jacobins—thanks to potation
 Of ale, and roast beef, and jack pudding, which give
 Such fame and renown to the land where we live.

Derry down, &c.

While Monsieur was laughing at this in his sleeve,
 He heard the rough voice of the Captain, Jack Greve,
 Crying out, Hoist the Jack, boys—the colours were spread,
 And up went the Jack to the ensign mast-head ;
 Poor Monsieur was puzzled and looked rather blue,
 For he felt that in Jack was much more than he knew.

Derry down, &c.

And then they went down to the dinner below,
 And here Monsieur found in poor Jack a new foe ;
 For he sat by a pike, a magnificent fish,
 Which graced the first course—'twas a capital dish;

And ladies and gents, to our Frenchman applied
For a slice of the Jack, and would not be denied.

Derry down, &c.

The Gallican looked every way but the right,
And appeared in a very considerable plight ;
Till the steward just whispered that pike was a Jack,
And the ladies were hungry and wanted a snack,
Which our hero with infinite grace handed out,
And gave very great satisfaction no doubt.

Derry down, &c.

And now all our wits tried the length of their tether,
All tongues were let loose and all chatted together ;
When a whirley and hurley, and creaking was heard,
Which made conversation a thing quite absurd ;
And our Frenchman inquired the cause of this fluster,
Pray what is this noise, sare, which makes such a bluster ?

Derry down, &c.

Oh, sir, a tall Jonathan said who sat by,
I guess that this noise is no more than the fly
Of the Jack in the kitchen our dinner that dressed,
As I calculate, tho' it is not professed ;
Our Frenchman he bowed, tho' he felt in his heart
A strange grudge 'gainst poor Jack, as he cut up the tart.

Derry down, &c.

And now the port wine they'd been sipping no doubt
Affected the elderly gentry with gout ;
And a new cry for Jack was repeated around,
Poor Monsieur he started and stared at the sound,
Till seeing the boot jack which none could dispute,
He muttered, By Gar, is that Jack of de boot ?

Derry down, &c.

But scarce had the Frenchman regained his command,
When the cabin-boy entered to summon the band ;
They called him Jack Sause, and Jack Pudding, and then
Jack-a-lantern, and Jack in a box, and Jack Wren,
Which put our Gallican friend on the rack,
Who swore there'd be never no end of dis Jack.

Derry down, &c.

The steward was now seen with a bundle of game,
His larder most certainly did him no shame ;
That fellow, said one, is surrounded by Jack,
Jack hares, and Jack snipes, and that neat little pack
Of Jack Dories, a smart jack of all trades is he,
As ever a jackanapes bred to the sea.

Derry down, &c.

Poor dear Monsieur Beau, how he grieved he had started
From Paris, poor dear ! he felt quite broken hearted ;

So faintly he murmured, O Mr. Jack Bull,
 Jack, all Jack, and nothing but Jack is your rule;
 Oh! ho! said a wag who loved good jokes and farces,
 But Jack Bull always calls silly Frenchmen jackasses.

Derry down, &c.

ROSE CLINTON.

A VILLAGE STORY, BY JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

"A dark fate is thine, fair lassie," said old Sybil Murrian, after duly examining the little white hand of Rose Clinton, one bright sunny evening, when a party of fair maids were severally soliciting a few words from the gipsy's mysterious oracle.

"Pooh, pooh, Sybil," replied Rose, smiling archly, "you always tell me this gloomy tale. Come, come, think again; do tell me something cheering, there's a good old woman!"

"I have said it, lassie: a dark fate is thine! Ye may laugh and think I know little now, but a time will come when wi' tears in your eye, an' sorrow in your heart, ye will confess I told over true a tale."

Rose Clinton was decidedly the prettiest girl in the village of Harewood, and her kindness and good temper were proverbial with all who knew her. She had been brought up solely under the care of a kind but delicate mother, her father, a British officer, having died while engaged in foreign warfare during the first year of her infancy; when his widow, being straitened in her pecuniary circumstances, had retired with her tender charge from the noisy bustle of London to the village before mentioned, where she resided up to the time of the commencement of our narrative.

Rose had now attained her twenty-first year, and a more lovely creature it would be difficult to imagine. She was truly beautiful! yet, notwithstanding this, and all the flattery and attention which beauty is sure to elicit, even in so remote a village as Harewood, she was modest, affable, and unassuming; courteous and cheerful with companions of her own age; and respectful and submissive to her elders. She was a general favourite. How then could she, for one moment, give credence to the awful predictions of Sybil Murrian? "*A dark fate is thine, fair lassie!*" were ever the awful words sounded in her ears.

As the little party were returning home, conversation naturally turned on the several predictions of old Sybil.

"I am sure," said one, addressing herself to Rose, "the old woman can know nothing about our fortunes, or she wouldn't say what she does about you."

"No, indeed," repeated a second, "for we all know, Rose, that you are to be married to Frank Wilkie, and a better or a kinder lad there isn't in the whole parish."

"What nonsense," replied Rose, blushing deeply at the remark made by the last speaker; "Frank Wilkie, you know, it is said, is going to marry Mary Harcourt, so it will be very unlikely."

"Nay, that is very unlikely!" exclaimed little Susan Grey, a pretty

brunette, a bosom friend and confidant of Rose ; " Frank Wilkie will never marry such a proud, conceited creature as Mary Harcourt, as long as there's such a dear girl as Rose Clinton in the village."

" Why, Susan, are you going to torment me, too ?"

" No, Rose ; but I must speak the truth, and I'm quite sure every body must observe that Frank always pays more attention to you than to any one else. Did he not dance with you in every dance at the last harvest feast ; and then, you know, love, when a certain young man meets a certain young woman on her way from church every Sunday night, it certainly appears as though there was —"

" What, pray ?" said Rose, again blushing deeply.

" Why, a little *partiality*, to say the least of it. And, believe me, Rose, you need not blush so deeply when we chance to mention Frank ; he's a very nice young man, and you'll make a very comfortable couple ; therefore, I don't care how soon I have to dance at your wedding. Oh ! I shall be as light-hearted and as happy as a fairy ! My dear Rose will look so exquisite in a new white dress, and a smart new bonnet ; and, then, the bridegroom, too, will be so gay, and" —

" So grateful to his friend Susan Grey for pleading so strongly in his behalf," cried the very young man in question, coming suddenly from under the cover of a thick, bushy hedge-row ; behind which he had heard, unobserved, the last sentence of the fair speaker.

After the first greetings and exclamations of surprise were over, Frank politely offered his arm to his fair favourite, who, evidently not very much surprised at this mark of preference, courteously accepted the offer.

Frank Wilkie (as one of the girls had remarked) was certainly the best and kindest young man in the village ; he was also one of the finest looking men into the bargain ; therefore we need not wonder at the kind reception he always received from the fair sex. He had been instructed in the profession of an artist, and was now busily engaged in prosecuting his studies—the profits of his labour being sufficient to enable him to live respectably, and, at the same time, to support a venerable father, whom age had rendered unfit for the cares and bustles of the world. Why Frank had fixed his residence in so secluded a situation, I know not ; but, even shut out from the world, as he literally was, his name was not long destined to remain in obscurity. His drawings had already attracted the attention of more than one leading member of his profession—fame spoke loudly in his praise—and fortune seemed smiling with propitious ray on the destinies of the young painter. Letter after letter arrived, offering him advantageous engagements under the first masters in the metropolis, but all offers were speedily, yet courteously, rejected. The village had too forcible ties on his affections. There was his grey-headed father wearing out the little remnant of his days in the unutterable sweetness of solitude—and solitude, be it remembered, is not less soothing to old age than bustle and merriment is invigorating to youth ; and there, too, was another tie. Frank Wilkie did, indeed, love Rose Clinton ! He had not, however, made a confession of his passion ; but no one could mistake his object. He and Rose were partners at all the village festivities—they wandered, arm-in-arm, through the shady groves on

an evening—they smiled together—sang together—in short, they did every thing that young people generally do under such circumstances; consequently, every body believed them sacredly plighted to each other; and gossipping old maids (plague take them!) even went so far as to name the day of the wedding, and a dozen other attendant et ceteras.

"Rose," said Frank, after they had separated from their companions, "I have a question to ask you, but you must first promise me that you will not be angry?"

"Why need I promise you that, did you ever find me so very naughty, Frank?" replied Rose, anticipating, from the embarrassed manner of her companion, what would be the result of his interrogation.

"No, dear Rose, no! but I have never ventured to ask you such a question before."

"Well, I promise you, unless it should be something very bad, I will not be angry."

"Then," said Frank, placing his arm round her well-formed waist, and looking inquiringly in her eyes, "Will you love me, Rose?"

Rose was silent.

"Will you give me your hand? Will you"—

"La, Frank, how can you be so ridiculous?" replied Rose, suddenly interrupting him, "we are too young even to think of such a thing."

"No, no! Youth is the season of love; and wedlock without love is rarely productive of any thing but misery and trouble."

"Well, Frank, if I grant you all this to be correct, there is yet another obstacle—I am poor, and poverty, you know, is a bitter foe to love."

"Rose, I am also poor, in the worldly acceptation of the word, nevertheless I am enabled, by honest industry, to reap a sufficient provision for the necessaries, though not the luxuries, of life. I would, for your sake, I had been born to a luckier fortune."

"Nay, repine not, Frank; I would rather share the small wages of honest industry than the countless riches of oppression!"

"Come, then, why not say you will be mine? Give me your promise!"

"That is impossible; you must first ask my mother, and should she give you her consent, why, then, I perhaps may—may think about it!"

The youthful couple now hastened merrily towards the village, and by the time they had reached Mrs. Clinton's cottage, Rose had entirely forgotten the prediction of Sybil Murrian.

Mrs. Clinton was a very good, though a singular, woman. She had naturally a powerful understanding, united to an ardent and sanguine temper, ever craving, as such tempers generally do, some new art or science on which to indulge its wayward fancies. She had seen just sufficient of the fashionable world to be disgusted with its vanities and hypocrisies; more especially with the foibles and the coquetry of many of her own sex. She looked upon candour and decision in woman as we are taught to look upon bravery and humanity in man—as

two of the first traits of the human character—nor had she failed to impress these sentiments on the mind of her daughter.

Since the time Mrs. Clinton had taken up her residence in Harewood, her leisure hours had been devoted to general reading and the study of botany, in which science she was no mean scholar, as the arrangement of her neat little garden very clearly testified. A sweeter little paradise I never remember having seen; there was something so calm and tranquil, too, in its situation, that it would have been impossible not to admire it; but above all I used to love the little jessamine bower, where, after I became acquainted with the family, I have sat reading for two or three hours together. It was the very place to peruse the soft thrilling minstrelsy of Cowper—nature there appeared in its calmest, sweetest repose. In this very bower Frank Wilkie and Rose found Mrs. Clinton on their arrival at the cottage. I was present at the time, and never do I remember Rose looking so lovely, so transcendently beautiful as at that moment. A soft crimson blush suffused her fair cheeks and forehead, over which her bright auburn ringlets, damped by the evening air, fell in a careless yet becoming negligence; but, above all, there was a master charm in her bright hazel eyes, now brightly glowing with the first beams of virtuous love. Oh, how I blessed that sweet girl as I sat with my eyes riveted on her fair form, little thinking, alas! that I should ever live to see— But I must proceed: trouble ever comes too soon upon us, therefore, let us not anticipate it before it really arrives. Affable and courteous were the greetings between Mrs. Clinton and young Wilkie, the former, as a matter of course, mildly thanking him for his kind attention to her daughter, little suspecting at the time the true intention of Frank's visit, who, let me observe, like most other men in love, appeared to less advantage than usual. I know not how it is, but the tender passion has invariably a strange effect on mankind—they become restless, fretful, and dissatisfied with every body and every thing save the *one* enchanting idol.

"Certainly, Mrs. Clinton, you have displayed much taste in the selection of your plants and flowers," observed Frank, as the fair lady directed his attention to some particular specimens which had cost her more than ordinary trouble.

"Then, pray, tell me which of all my flowers you most admire?" This was said with a little vanity, for Mrs. Clinton with all her good sense was, beyond all doubt, vain of her superior knowledge of botany.

"Really, Mrs. Clinton, this is a difficult question to answer; your geraniums are so very fine; your balsams so very rare; but, then, your roses are so rich, so uncommonly beautiful! oh! they are my favourites decidedly!" and a smile here lit up the countenance of the speaker, who turned his bright eyes slyly towards Miss Clinton, as though he would have added, "You, love, are the sweetest Rose of all."

Foreseeing, as I imagined, the wishes of our young artist, I immediately offered my arm to Rose; and, after making a slight apology for departing, retired with her to the cottage, leaving Mrs. Clinton and Frank Wilkie still wandering in the garden. Supper was at last announced—Poor Rose! I shall never forget her agitation at that

moment; nor the piercing glance of her inquiring eye, as her mother and Frank, after being summoned by the maid servant, entered the room where we were seated. But a moment, and her confusion was over; the happy smile with which Frank handed her to a chair cleared all doubts. Mrs. Clinton had consented!

After this night Frank became a regular visitor at the cottage; and in less than three months the bridal day was appointed, the dresses ordered, and little Susan Grey bespoken as bridesmaid. Oh! it was a sweet yet a melancholy time? I never see preparations for a bridal but I am sure to feel a strange childish weakness; I have often schooled myself for giving way to this foolish feeling. Foolish did I say? No, no; it is not foolish. Who can, unmoved, behold a fair young creature, all happiness, gaiety, and love, preparing to leave the friends of her childhood, and the home of her infancy; where everything, even to the flowers in the window-sill, awaken some sweet remembrance in her memory, and form some tie on her affections; to enter on a new life, a sea of inexpressible peace or interminable storm; building her hopes solely on one idolized object, whom death might sever from her side for ever—and this, too, ere she has turned from the altar.

"Well, my dear Rose," said Susan Grey, as she bounded gaily into the cottage, the morning before the wedding was to take place, "I am so glad. What do you think? But, la! what nonsense for me to ask such a question; how is it likely you can think about anything but love, or any body but dear Frank Wilkie?"

"What a plague you are, Susan," replied Rose, "but I shall live to see you in a similar situation to myself, and then—"

"You'll plague me in return, eh? No, no, Rose, you will be an old married woman then, and instead of tormenting me with jokes, you'll be worrying me with advice. 'Now, Susan, you should think seriously—you should do so and so.' Yes! that's the way; I know very well how it will be."

"Well, but, my dear Susan?"

"Now don't interrupt me! Though, by-the-by, Rose," continued the little lively creature, happening to turn her eyes towards a small side-table on which was carefully placed Rose's bridal bonnet, as it had arrived from the milliner's that very morning, "that is the prettiest bonnet I ever saw; you will look so charming!"

"Not half so charming as yourself, Susan; and I shouldn't be at all surprised if Harry Forrester were to make you an offer."

"Oh! I don't like Harry Forrester; he won't do for me, Rose. But, la! here I keep chatter, chatter, chatter, and forgot to tell you what makes me so happy this morning. My brother Fred. will be at your wedding."

"What! has he returned from Spain?"

"Yes, Rose, he arrived last night, and he does look so well in his regimentals; but, then, he is so spoiled with those ugly moustachios—oh, they are horrid!"

"Is he alone, Susan?"

"Alone! no, indeed, he has brought with him a Mr. Harry Vernon—such a wretch! (though he's Fred.'s friend, by-the-by.) He does

nothing but smoke cigars, take snuff, drink brandy and water, and swear between almost every sentence he utters. He is such a horrid bore, Rose, you cannot think ; how Fred. endures him I cannot possibly conceive !"

" Oh ! he has some good quality or other, or your brother would not have made his acquaintance. You are too hasty, my dear girl."

" Well, well, probably I am ; but you know, Rose, if a man does happen to possess a superior knowledge of any particular science, it does not follow that he should render himself ridiculous, much less disgusting, in his *general behaviour*. And between you and I, dear Rose, I think Fred. will prove none the better for his wanderings ; but I am a giddy girl ; and, as you say, perhaps form my opinions too hastily."

Mrs. Clinton here entered the room, when this desultory conversation was brought to a premature close, or in all probability it might have been continued for an hour longer, as Susan Grey inherited in no slight degree the volubility of her sex.

This was a busy day at the cottage—and while the ladies were attending to the folding of gloves, bride's-cake, &c. &c., Frank Wilkie and I were busily arranging with postboys, and the other necessary attendants. The happy couple were to spend the honeymoon in London, with an old bachelor uncle of Frank's who resided near the Green Park ; and, as little Susan Grey was to accompany them, this excursion was looked forward to by all with high anticipations of pleasure. I often now think of that eventful day with mingled feelings of joy and bitterness !

The wedding morning arrived ; and a more lovely morning I have seldom witnessed. " Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on !" thought I, when a couple of carriages, each drawn by a pair of grey horses, drove up to the garden gate—while the merry little birds in the cottage aviary poured forth a torrent of melody, as a happy omen to their young mistress. In little more than half an hour the ceremony was concluded !

" She is thine, the word is spoken,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart ;
These are ties should ne'er be broken,
Nought but death should ever part."

The bridal party breakfasted with their friends at the cottage ; and afterwards, accompanied by Susan Grey (the prettiest and sweetest bridesmaid I ever met with) started for London.

Frederick Grey and his friend Harry Vernon were present at the wedding !

Harry Vernon was decidedly a man of the town, acquainted with all the follies and vices of the great metropolis—he had lived amongst them from his childhood, and few men had quaffed deeper of the cup than he had done ; yet experience, instead of teaching him wisdom, had only served to make him a more confirmed reprobate. How Frederick Grey first became so intimately acquainted with him I am at a loss to imagine, for I have known the time when he would have

shrunk from such a man with horror and disgust ; but now, he appeared to make him his bosom friend, and ever proved himself ready to sanction and applaud his most ribald and obscene jests.

The bridal party, on arriving in London, was courteously welcomed by Lieutenant Heartall (Frank's uncle) to his mansion in the Green Park. The Lieutenant was a plain, rough, honest-hearted sailor—Frank had long been his favourite, and, having no nearer relative, he had determined in his own mind to make him his sole heir—a situation many might have envied. A long acquaintance with the world had given him a good knowledge of the human character, and he was not long in discovering the high mental qualities of his new relative, the fair bride, who, like her husband, soon won a prominent place in his affections. He was her constant *chaperon* at all the public amusements, and many a young gallant turned an anxious and admiring eye on his fair charge, who looked on every thing in the busy metropolis with wonder and amazement.

"Frank, you are a lucky dog, Frank," said old Heartall to his nephew, one afternoon when they were left alone in the dining room, "such a woman is worth a kingdom!"

"I am glad, uncle, you approve so highly of my choice."

"Ay, I remember your poor mother when she was just such a sweet young creature—God bless her!—Rose will make you a good wife, Frank, if you only take care of her; but remember, my boy, a wife's conduct is materially influenced by the conduct of her husband. She is as tight a little craft as ever sailed on the ocean of life; and, I warrant, her little heart will fearlessly brave every storm for your sake. Take good care of her, Frank."

"That I shall do, uncle. To win and then to neglect, or trifle with the affections of a woman, is criminal in all men, but in me it would be doubly so. Rose, though herself in humble circumstances, had offers of marriage far superior to mine in a pecuniary view; but she rejected them all—to share the fate of a poor but, I think I may say, an honest artist."

"Honest! poor!" repeated the lieutenant, "d— poor! you shall not be poor any longer, Frank—no, you shall settle in London, your old father shall come and live with you, and as long as I've a crown in my purse, half of it shall be at your service."

"You are too generous, uncle," said Frank, in astonishment at the lieutenant's liberal offers.

"Avast there, my boy, my time's nearly run out; a few years more and what use will all the riches in the world be to me? No, no; you shall share them with me while I live, and when I die, Frank, you shall have them all to use as you think proper."

Frank, more astonished than before, warmly grasped the lieutenant by the hand, and inarticulately uttered, "Dear uncle, how shall I prove my gratitude?"

"By honouring the tars of your country! and by being charitable to the poor. Riches are given to us, Frank, not for our own use alone, but for the use of our fellow-creatures; we hold them in trust one for another. But come, my boy ——"

"Yes, indeed, I think 'tis time to come, lieutenant," said little Susan Grey, rushing suddenly into the room, "you must have forgotten that the new piece, at the English Opera, comes on to-night."

"New piece—English Opera!" repeated the lieutenant.

"Yes, new—piece!" cried Susan, playfully mimicking him, "don't you remember a certain gentleman promising two certain ladies that he would accompany them to the English Opera House to-night?"

"Zounds and the dev—!(I beg pardon, love!) it had clearly escaped my memory, but I'll be ready to attend you in the twirling of a hand-spike."

"That's a dear, good old man!"

"Where is Rose, Susan?"

"Oh! busy dressing.—She's going to wear the new blonde scarf you purchased for her yesterday; she will look so smart; and you must know she does so love it, and all because you gave it her—but, la! if I let my giddy tongue run on at this rate we shall all be too late for the opera.—Now do be quick."

When the party arrived at the theatre, the drama had already commenced; and the house, being crowded in almost every corner, it was with some difficulty they reached the box the lieutenant had previously selected for their use. They were, however, successful; and, unaccustomed as Rose and her fair companion had been to such scenes of gaiety and merriment, no one in the smiling circle appeared to enjoy the humour of the piece more than themselves. The curtain at last dropped, and *Peake* (rare, ever-green *Peake*!) was once more proclaimed a successful author! At this moment, the box door was suddenly thrown open, and to the utter astonishment of all, in rushed Frederick Grey and Harry Vernon.

"Why, what in the name of wonder, brings you here so suddenly?" said Susan Grey to her brother.

"Misfortune, dear Susan, misfortune. We are the bearers of sad news; poor old Wilkie—"

"What of him, sir, pray tell me!" cried Frank, happening to overhear the last few words, "is he ill? is he dead?"

"No, no, not dead, no, no,—but don't distress yourself—"

"Pray then, sir, tell me the worst?"

"He is ill, very ill! Immediately after your departure from Harewood, he had a severe attack of paralysis, and—and, in short, if you would see him alive the sooner you leave town the better."

This sudden announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the hearts of all present. After a brief consultation, it was agreed that young Wilkie should start for the country that very night; and, that no time might be lost, his fair bride and her friend Susan were to remain in London under the protection of the lieutenant. A cab was immediately called, and after bidding all a brief but painful good-bye, Frank started for the Belle Sauvage—the little party immediately afterwards rising to leave the theatre. Frederick Grey, who had been cunningly watching his opportunity, courteously offered his arm to Rose; who, lost in sorrowful abstraction at the fatal events of the last few moments, readily accepted it, and was hurried, unconsciously to the colonnade, where Harry Vernon had a carriage in waiting into which she was

placed before the lieutenant and Susan had time to observe their movements. In a moment more the carriage was rapidly rolling over the pavement, and the mourning bride, unsuspectingly, hastening from the metropolis. From the first moment of Harry Vernon's beholding Rose, he had secretly plotted her ruin, and aided by his fellow-reprobate, they had thus wickedly devised the tale of old Wilkie's illness to obtain their ends.

* * * * *

It was morning, and the little sea-port town of Boulogne presented a scene of bustle and merriment. The fishermen returning with their cargoes, the old bathing women hastening to perform their daily labours, and the smiling nurserymaids, with their rosy children, rambling about the piers, presented a scene at once imposing and cheerful. Yet there was one who looked from the casement of a little cottage on the cliff, with weeping eyes and downcast heart—this one was the deceived Rose Wilkie. It was but a few days since she had wandered through the gay scenes of London, cheerful, healthy, and contented—and now, alas! she stood pale, trembling, and bowed down with misery and despair.

Her betrayers had conveyed her to her present abode, direct from the metropolis; and she was at once a stranger and a prisoner. Harry Vernon was standing near her, trying with cunning art to win her to forgetfulness.

“Come, come, Rose, ‘tis a shame to see so sweet a face as yours overcast with sorrow—smile—be happy—”

“What, sir,” answered Rose, with a bitter sigh, “can you bid me smile—bid me be happy—you, who have thus cruelly betrayed me—you who have robbed me of all that is dear to me on earth—and now, to complete your barbarous victory, would have me yield myself up a shameless victim of debauchery. Happy! never, sir, ‘till you restore me to the arms of my husband, shall I again know what it is to be happy!”

“Your husband, pooh, pooh! you must forget him—come, come, Rose, Harry Vernon will love you better than Frank Wilkie.”

“Sir, add not insult to insult. Oh! as you hope for forgiveness of your sins at the hands of your Creator—spare me—save me!”

“Rose Wilkie, let me have no more of this: you are here—and here you must remain; I have risked much for your sake, and think not I shall now let you return to him whom time and change of scenery will shortly teach you to forget. Come, come, remember you are in my power—give me your love—your—”

“Love! Oh, sir, you know little of woman’s heart, or you would have spared me this. No, sir, sooner could I love the meanest, poorest wretch on the face of the whole globe than such a mean, abject thing as you, who hold virtue as a mere marketable commodity—and can coolly rob a peaceful family of its earthly happiness.”

“Rose!”

“Stop me not, sir! for, let me tell you, if I am in your power, I will not calmly give myself up to your dominion. You are a disgrace, sir, to the uniform you wear—it is your place to protect and shield, not to deceive and betray, your countrywomen! Oh, sir, if you at all

value your honour, which should be as dear to a soldier as his existence, convey me at once to my husband!"

"Honour! talk not to me of honour—'tis a mere by-word for children to sport with. Love! love! shall be our theme, dear Rose!"

Frederick Grey here entered the room, when Rose, falling at his knees, thus earnestly besought his protection:—

"Frederick Grey, you have deceived me—you have betrayed me into the hands of a bad man—but oh! if you have one spark of pity left within your bosom, in atonement for your past errors, now shield and protect me. Oh, Frederick, little did I think when we were children together that you would ever act thus—little did I think, when we played together on the green of our native village, that I should ever live to see the day when you would be the first to ruin and destroy me! Remember, Frederick, you have a sister, a fair, good girl, and if not for my own, for her sake, save me. Oh! picture her to yourself in my place!"

Frederick Grey here turned away, evidently touched by the artless appeal.

"What, you pity me, Frederick; you already repent having brought me to this situation! Well, well, restore me once more to the protection of Frank Wilkie, and I will forgive you—yes, Frederick, I will bless you—pray for you!"

Harry Vernon attentively observing the change which the last few moments had wrought in the heart of his companion, at once determined to bring the scene to a conclusion—and, taking Frederick Grey by the arm, he hurried him from the apartment, leaving their miserable victim in solitude to mourn over her misfortunes.

Of all the crimes that darken the pages of iniquity, there is not one, perhaps, more odious in itself, or more baneful in its consequences, than seduction. Murder even gives way before it; for the blood-thirsty murderer at once plunges his weapon to the heart of his victim, and thus closes the scene of his own villainy and the sufferings of his fellow-creature. But the cunning, artful seducer, merely for the sake of gratifying his own sensual and depraved appetites, slowly implants the venomous stings of misery in the bosom of his hapless victim; he sees her sinking daily before his eyes, and is but awakened to a sense of his guilt when her cold, inanimate corpse lies stretched on the bed of death. The ruin rests not here—the curses of the widower and the agonizing cries of the fatherless, too frequently add to the enormity of the crime.

Frank Wilkie, on reaching the village of Harewood, soon discovered how grossly and inhumanly he had been imposed upon; but alas! he knew not the worst. Could he at that moment have seen his poor distressed wife in a strange land, surrounded as she was by characters deeply skilled in the darkest crimes to which human nature is prone, he would certainly have been driven to madness. As it was, he was in a state of agony more easily to be conceived than described. As it will readily be supposed, his first thoughts were immediately to return to London, and there to demand of Frederick Grey and his friend Vernon an explanation of their unaccountable conduct.

He started for the metropolis as early as circumstances would per-

mit ; and the anticipation of again meeting his dear Rose tempted him for a moment to forget the insult he had received. Within a quarter of an hour after his arrival in Ludgate Hill, he was quickly tracing his way through the Green Park towards the mansion of the lieutenant, where he shortly became acquainted with the fatal tidings.

“ Alas ! to the heart that is rent,
What nostrums can soundness restore ?
Or what, to the bow overbent,
The spring which it carried before.

The lieutenant's tale was soon told. After he and Susan Grey discovered that Rose had been carried off, every means had been resorted to, to discover the place of her captivity, but in vain. They had not been able to obtain a single incident on which they might build the slightest hope.

Thus day after day passed on ; and days at last gave place to weeks, and still no tidings came to hand. Poor Susan Grey no longer remained the lively, happy little creature she was wont to be ; her fair cheek had now lost its brightness, and her dark piercing eyes were seldom free from tears. She wandered about like one bereft of her senses—lonely and disconsolate ! The friend of her childhood, whom she had loved more than a sister, had been betrayed—ruined by her own brother ! Her brother no longer ; he had now forfeited all title to her affection ; and if there was one man she loathed on earth—one man whom she would have had placed in the hands of justice, it was he. Yes (though such a thought would once have filled her with horror and despair), she would now have gladly come forward as his accuser.

We must now pass over a period of twelve months.

It was a dark, gloomy night in December ; and the snow, which had fallen in large flakes during the day, completely covered the cold streets of Boulogne, which were only enlivened by a stray passenger, now and then seen hastening to his abode. Many a cottage presented a cheerless and poverty-stricken appearance, but not one might be compared to the miserable home of the unfortunate Rose Wilkie. She still remained an unwilling tenant of the little house on the cliff, where we last parted with her, but it was no longer calculated to afford comfort or protection, every article of furniture of any value having been disposed of, and the money applied to the extravagances of its owner, Harry Vernon, who had now become a perfect adept in all sorts of villainy.

Any one who had seen Rose on her wedding morning would not have recognised her at this time. From a pretty, gay, light-hearted girl, she had become a haggard, care-worn woman, bowed down with trouble and misfortune—no longer worthy of him she had so long and so sacredly loved, and for whom she would have willingly laid down her life. She had not a single hope—her ruin was now effected, and the fiend, Vernon, left to triumph in his victory. Pale and haggard, she lay stretched on a bundle of straw in a dark corner of the room, anxiously listening for every approaching footstep, while the hectic flush, which, at times, kept flashing over her sunken cheeks, proclaimed her the victim of a wasting fever. The long, dreary night

passed over, and still no foot crossed the threshold of her cottage; and Rose, worn out with watching, had just fallen into a calm slumber, when the door was hastily thrown open, and Frederick Grey stood by her side, his cheeks pale as the newly-fallen snow, and his lips bloodless and quivering.

"Where is Vernon, Frederick?" said Rose, indistinctly. "Why did he not bring me food, as he promised—cruel—cruel—Vernon—but may—"

"Hold, Rose, do not curse him—poor Vernon—Oh! God—such a sight—mangled—bloody—"

"Frederick Grey, what more trouble do you come to heap upon me—tell me all—my cup of misery is full!"

"Rose Wilkie—I am driven to distraction—I have been a villain, and shall come to a villain's end. But I must be gone—here, take my purse—return to your husband—you are now free—Vernon is—is dead—murdered! Oh! God—God—my brain will split. Rose, farewell, do not curse me!"

Without uttering another word, Frederick Grey rushed from the apartment, and immediately started on his road for Paris. The last sentence, so full of mystery and dark forebodings, struck heavily on the heart of the distressed mourner, who, uttering a faint shriek, fell back on her straw couch in a swoon, from which it was long ere she recovered. And when that recovery at last took place, the change which had overspread her whole countenance, too clearly showed the fatal consequences which were likely rapidly to ensue. The past seemed like a dream—strangely mysterious. Janet (an old domestic who had been her constant attendant since her arrival in Boulogne) was now her only support—and she watched over the fair ruin with more care and anxiety, than could have been expected from a woman of her debased character.

The morning following that on which Frederick Grey had so suddenly departed, brought the whole affair to light. The following paragraph appeared in — newspaper.

Fatal Quarrel.—As three gentleman were leaving a noted gambling house, in the — about six o'clock, yesterday morning, a quarrel arose between two of them, respecting some dispute which had taken place during the previous evening. After much altercation, we understand, one gentleman imputed to the other (an Italian, of whose name we are in ignorance) an act of dishonesty, when the latter, in a state of frenzy, drew forth his stiletto and immediately fleshed it to the hilt in the bosom of his opponent, who expired almost instantaneously. The unfortunate victim was a British officer, of the name of Vernon, who has, for the last twelve months, been a constant, and mostly an unfortunate visitor at the house before mentioned. The third gentleman, like the murderer, has taken good care to effect his escape, and it is supposed he is now on his way to join the Spanish legion, under Don Carlos."

This paragraph, as it will readily be imagined, not only went the round of the Parisian, but also of the London press, and Frank Wilkie was amongst its readers. A week had passed over since this fatal occurrence took place, and Rose had evidently been wearing gradually

away during the whole of that period. The contents of the purse which she had received from Frederick Grey were also nearly finished, and hunger and distress soon threatened to add to her already lamentable condition.

"Oh, Janet," said she, one morning, when she awoke from her broken slumber, "I have dreamt such a dream. Methought I was carried back to my native village, and there was my mother, and poor Susan Grey, and Frank Wilkie—dear, dear Frank! all so happy; and I, even I, Janet, was happy, very happy, for they all loved me as they used to do. Yes, yes, and Frank told me I should be his wife—his, only his! And then I thought it was my wedding day, and we were all so cheerful, and—but alas! Janet, it is only a dream. I am in misery, in a foreign land, dishonoured and disregarded—there is no one to love me now—Janet—no, not one. Yet heaven knows I—I am blameless—I am innocent. Poor Frank, could I but see him—see him for a moment to obtain his last blessing, I could die happily. Oh! my poor heart—ache—ache—"

"Nay, nay, madam, you will soon be better; do not weep."

"Better! Janet—yes, in heaven. I feel, I know, I shall there be better, but never again on earth. No! I have partaken too deeply of the cup of misery, ever again to revel in the sunshine of contentment and happiness. Yet, Janet, I was happy once—oh, yes, very happy—and it was hard to be cast down so soon—so young—so cruelly—but—but God forgive them! Hark! hark! did you not hear?"

"What, pray, madam?"

"A footstep—there—there again—listen! Ah! 'tis my husband's."

Rose uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless on the floor, as the door slowly opened, and Frank Wilkie and Susan Grey entered the miserable cottage. What were their feelings at this moment, it would be impossible for pen to describe. It was some time ere Rose showed the slightest symptom of returning sensibility; and when at last a slight change was observable, it was so faint that it was feared her reason had been impaired. Her husband sat with her pale thin hand firmly grasped within his own, watching, with breathless anxiety, every little alteration in her countenance. She at last opened her dark eyes, and resting them fondly on those of Frank Wilkie, faintly murmured, "Frank, will you not kiss me?"

Poor Frank, mad with despair, immediately pressed her cold lips closely to his own, when a smile, such as is shed by a lingering sunbeam over the dark waste of night, instantly lit up her once lovely cheek, and with a strong effort, she breathed her last few words:

"Frank, husband! (yes, you are still my husband,) God bless you! We shall meet in heaven. Fare—farewell—"

All was now over. Rose Wilkie was no more!

Reader, would you know more of Frank Wilkie, let this suffice; he is still living, and resides at present in the house his old uncle, the lieutenant, used to occupy in London, and no artist of the present day enjoys greater popularity or is more deservedly respected. He is still a widower; and will, I am fully persuaded, ever remain so. I often now see him weep like a child over the portrait of his first love, and often, too, hear him exclaim: "Poor Rose! there was but one

Rose in the world ! And alas ! as Sybil Murrian predicted, ‘*A dark fate was hers.*’” Mrs. Clinton and the lieutenant have both been laid at rest in their last homes—the grave ! And for Susan Grey, she is Susan Grey no more, but Mrs. ———, the wife of a rich city merchant of that name ; and a better wife or a kinder mother, it would be difficult to meet with. What has become of her reprobate brother no one knows. He has never been heard of since his departure from Boulogne.

HOURS WITH THE POETS.

WHAT a charm there is in poetry ! It soothes the spirit, delights with its ethereal nature, and elevates with aspirations after the noble and the beautiful. It introduces into a new existence ; or rather, appealing to the most exalted portion of our nature, it draws forth, raises, and refines it. Luxuriating in the delights it offers us, we throw aside in forgetfulness the low, earthly, common-place of our nature, and mind, and spirit-feeling, predominate over matter and insensibility. Oh ! with poesie, and an hour in which to enjoy it, little we heed the sneers of the prosaic—the despisers of feeling—the stigmatisers of nature and nature’s loveliness. Little do we envy their apathy—blessed apathy ! that assimilates them so nearly to the grade of creation next, in the descending scale, to man, by giving to the most degrading portion of their nature pre-eminence over the noblest.

What a charm (we repeat) there is in poetry ! Listen to L. E. L. whose very soul was poetry :—

“This is the charm of poetry : it comes
On sad, perturbed moments ; and its thoughts,
Like pearls amid the troubled waters, gleam.
That which we garnered in our eager youth,
Becomes a long delight in after years :
The mind is strengthened, and the heart refreshed
By some old memory of gifted words,
That bring sweet feelings answering to our own,
Or dreams that waken some more lofty mood
Than dwelleth with the common-place of life.”

And now, as we sit in our solitary “*sanctum*,” surrounded by the memorials of gifted spirits—records of some, whose names are well-trumpeted by immortal Fame, and whose breathings are dear to every true lover of the beautiful and the pure—intermingled with others which the world has never seen—the first poetical outbursts of some young and ardent spirits, whose tender sensitiveness has not yet been blunted by contact with this working-day world, and whose ardour and enthusiasm have not been damped by its coldness—and as our eye glances over these records of deep, pure, passionate feeling, and glowing thought, surely *our* “mind is strengthened,” and *our* “heart refreshed ;” and these gifted words surely waken in *us* a “more lofty mood than dwelleth with the common-place of life.”

Are you incredulous ? Doubt you the power of these sweet words of poesie ? Oh ! come, read with us, and say, is not your own spirit

touched, and are not your best feelings awakened? They are—they must be surely, if the blood of a gentle humanity flows in your veins.

Here, we offer first some of the poetical breathings of one, whose delicate feelings and whose gentle spirit met with little from the world but frowns and unkindness. Well, however, was he beloved by the Spirit of Deity, if, as the poet fondly imagined, “The favourite of the Gods dies early.” Well did we know him in years gone by, and many a tear has the memory of his early sleep in the quietude of the undisturbed tomb called forth from these eyes. But what avail tears now? He is at rest. Peace to his ashes!

“LOVE NEVER SLEEPS!”*

“Love never sleeps! The mother’s eye
Bends o’er her dying infant’s bed,
And as she marks the moments fly,
While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distressed, she sits and weeps,
With beating heart;—‘Love never sleeps.’

Yet even that sad and drooping form
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Despite the horrors of the storm,
O’erburdened nature sinks to rest;
But o’er them both another keeps
His midnight watch;—‘Love never sleeps.’

Around, above, the angel bands
Lean o’er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes, and eager hands,
They raise the soul to peace again.
Free as the light their pity sweeps
The tide of time. ‘Love never sleeps.’

Around, beneath, and over all,
O’er men and angels, earth and heaven,
Another bends; the slightest call
Is answered, and relief is given:
In hours of gloom, when sorrow steepes
The heart in woe,—He ‘never sleeps.’

Oh, God of Love! our eyes to thee,
Tired of the world’s false radiance, turn;
And while we view thy purity,
We feel our hearts within us burn,
Convinced that in the lowest deeps
Of human ill,—‘Love never sleeps!’”

Lay aside that manuscript, and look at this volume of “Willis’s Loiterings of Travel.” Tell us if any language, save that of gentle poesie, could have conveyed half as sweetly the sentiments of this scrap. The traveller, remember, after a long absence from the home of his childhood, is returning with the bride of his heart, and thus addresses his only parent in the prospect of being again welcomed home by her. The lines are entitled “Homeward-bound,” and are dated from the “English Channel, May, 1836.”

* Never before published.

" Dear mother ! when our lips can speak,
 When first our tears will let us see,
 When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
 And thou with thy dear eyes on me,
 'Twill be a pastime little sad,
 To mark what weight Time's heavy fingers,
 Upon each other may have had,
 For all may flee while *feeling* lingers.
 But there's a change, beloved mother !
 To stir far deeper thoughts of thine.—
 I come—but with me comes another
 To share the heart once only mine !
 Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
 One star arose in memory's heaven,—
 Thou, who hast watched *one* treasure only—
 Watered *one* flower with tears at even—
 Room in thy heart ! *The home she left*
 Is darkened to lend light to ours,
 There are bright flowers of care bereft,
 And hearts that languish more than flowers—
 She was their light—their very air—
 Room, mother, in thy heart—place for her in thy prayer!"

As we look around us, on these volumes that lie on our table, there are two thoughts that seem very forcibly to suggest themselves ; the one is, that our age, England's Victorian era, is peculiarly distinguished by the numerous and talented female writers of whom we can boast. Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Mary Howitt, Caroline Bowles (we beg the dear lady's pardon, Mrs. Southey), and many others, have afforded us many an hour's pure pleasure, which we here record with gratitude. But the second thought, and "second thoughts," they tell us, "are best ;" the second thought is, that if we are to glance into, and read parts of, all these volumes, more than one uninteresting extension of the muscles of the face will be effected before we close. But fair and softly, dear reader, we will not perpetrate such enormities at one sitting—or detain you too long—but if you tire of us—wish us "gude e'en" and go to bed. However, look at this of Mrs. Hemans's, and say is it not sweet :—

" ANGELS' CALLS.

' Hark ! they whisper ! angels say
 Sister spirit, come away !'

Come to the land of peace !
 Come, where the tempest hath no longer sway,
 The shadow passes from the soul away,
 The sounds of weeping cease !

Fear hath no dwelling there !
 Come to the mingling of repose and love,
 Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
 Through the celestial air !

Come to the bright and blest,
 And crowned for ever ! 'midst that shining band,
 Gathered from Heaven's own wreath from every land,
 Thy spirit shall find rest !

Thou hast been long alone :
 Come to thy mother ! on the sabbath shore,
 The heart that rocked thy childhood, back once more
 Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left :
 Come to thy sisters ! joyously again
 All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
 Shall greet their long-bereft !

Over thine orphan head
 The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough :
 Come to thy father ! It is finished now ;
 Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
 Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
 And, oh ! bright victory ! death by love no place !
 Come, spirit, to thy God !”

Reverting, for a moment, to L. E. L.—what an interest and a mystery is there associated with her brief life and early death ! What a touching, saddening strain of melancholy pervades her spirit-breathings, and what a shade of sorrow seems to dwell over her history ! Disappointment and earth-sickness must have been her lot, and surely the epitaph which marks the final resting place of our friend John Keats, would not be inappropriate if inscribed over her quiet tomb : “ *Here lies one whose name was written in water.* ” Turn to her writings. Read,—

“ Oh ! she had yet the task to learn,
 How often woman's heart must turn
 To feed upon its own excess
 Of deep, yet passionate tenderness !
 How much of grief the heart must prove,
 That yields a sanctuary to love !”

Have you read her “ Ethel Churchill ? ” If not, read it just to see what a dark scene life presents to some gazers—to mark what an overburdened heart some of your fellow-pilgrims have, as they traverse scenes which to your eye may present a flowery appearance—roses without thorns ; like beautiful serpents—lovely in semblance—while the deadly venom which makes them fearful, is unobserved.

Look at this ; it is the motto at the head of one of the chapters :—

“ My heart is filled with bitter thoughts,
 My eyes would fain shed tears ;
 I have been thinking upon past,
 And upon future years.

Years past ! why should I stir the depths
 Beneath their troubled stream ?
 And years that are as yet to come,
 Of them I dread to dream !

Yet wherefore pause upon our way ?
 'Tis best to hurry on :
 For half the dangers that we fear,
 We face them, and they're gone.”

But we promised to try not to tire you. If you are not quite wearied,

perhaps you will the more readily accompany us again and spend another "Hour with the Poets." Many are there who invite us, and we are not disposed to turn a deaf ear to their invitations. For the present, gentle and fair reader, we bid you "God speed," praying your forgiveness if we have detained you too long.

A. St. H.

THE QUIZZICAL LAWYER;

OR,

SUNDRY SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF JACOB SPYGLASS, ESQ.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

MONUMENTS have been raised, pictures painted, in commemoration of the great and noble deeds performed by men who have rightly been termed the "benefactors of their species." Most extraordinary then it is, that such an estimable character as Mr. Jacob Spyglass, who spends the whole of his time in endeavouring to make himself useful to his neighbours, should have been so long overlooked. In vain have we searched the newspapers for a notification, that a subscription was opened for the purpose of erecting his statue in Norbut Street, the scene of his praiseworthy labours; in vain have we looked down the table of contents of every new volume of poems for at least a sonnet addressed to him by some grateful author, whom he had preserved from the dreadful mischance of being obliged, some unfortunate night, to go to bed in the dark, owing to the felonious abstraction of the solitary inch of candle possessed by the luckless wooer of the muses; in vain did we search the catalogue of the last exhibition of the Royal Academy for at least a miniature of this truly great man—it appears to be the fashion to neglect him.

Finding, therefore, that neither the poet would sing his praises, nor the artist limn his features, we at last,—determined that merit, however humble, should not wither in neglect,—have taken up the pen, in order to rescue our worthy friend from the obscurity in which envy has enveloped him; and, showing his deserving in their true and radiant colours, enable the public to reward him according to his deserts.

Our respected friend, Mr. Jacob Spyglass, is in person a little thin man, four feet in length, and not much above half-a-foot in breadth. His nose, however, as if nature had wished to make up, in that feature, for the smallness of the rest of his body, is of a most disproportionate size, and of the genus which usually takes its name from that useful vegetable—a potato. His eyes are small, peering and *rather* bloodshot; while his mouth is so very little, that it is said, when a baby, his nurses had the greatest trouble in the world to feed him; an ordinary sized tea-spoon being much too large to have any chance of obtaining an admission into the tiny orifice. Hence it was a mercy, as his good old mother says, (who day after day, sits, with spectacles on nose, and Bible on knee, perched in a great arm chair, at the drawing-room window, amusing several little urchins, her grandchildren, with looking at the pictures contained in the bulky volume), that he was not starved; a doom which many of his enemies devoutly wish had over-

taken him. In his dress there is nothing peculiar, except that now and then it is rather shabby, occasioned, it is supposed, by the extreme paucity of those who avail themselves of Mr. Spyglass's legal abilities.

Mr. Spyglass has always devoted himself to one great object most eminently useful, from the pursuit of which the greatest difficulties have not been able to deter him. To do good to his neighbours, even against their wills, has ever been his maxim. Although he has frequently had to endure being termed by those unconscious or envious of his high worth, a "*troublesome busybody*," a "*meddling fool*," an "*old ass*," a "*squinting blockhead*," and sundry other epithets equally complimentary, yet has he, with the true spirit of the ancient martyrs, unwaveringly persevered in what he conceives to be his duty, namely, early and late to watch out of his windows, whether the domestics of Norbut Street conduct themselves properly. And what makes this case all the more meritorious is the fact of its being self-imposed, he having merely undertaken it out of a pure and commendable desire to serve his neighbours. He was never desired—never requested to trouble his head about these matters, therefore his motives must be of the most disinterested character. Indeed his perfect disinterestedness will appear thoroughly astounding when we let the reader into the secret of his being a lawyer; but our friend has happily set himself free from those selfish considerations which sway many of his professional brethren.

It may be asked, why, since Mr. Spyglass is desirous of being useful, he does not turn his talents into a higher channel? It may be asked, why he does not turn his attention from the servants of the kitchen to the servants of the state, and prevent them from cheating their master, the much-duped public? But, no! Mr. Spyglass is content with an humbler sphere. So long as he can inform the mistress of some luckless servant-maid giving away a pennyworth of cheese out of the house, he is content.

It cannot be supposed that Mr. Spyglass should be thoroughly appreciated by his neighbours. Where is the man who ever was? We have many other instances besides this of Mr. Spyglass, of the public disregarding their most useful men. His case is certainly a most damning one. Many of his neighbours think so little of the benefits he confers upon them, as to nickname him as before stated. But Mr. Spyglass is far above caring for such petty effusions of envy and spite—he still,

“Unmoved, though thunders peal and lightnings flash,”

pursues his course of usefulness. Good, worthy man! If liberals and political economists can boast of the millions they have, by their sponge-squeezing, pocket-screwing, desert-neglecting, genius-withering, thankless policy, “*saved*” the country, thou also canst boast, with full as good a face as they, and with quite as good a title to reward, of the many cheese-parings and candle-ends thou hast prevented servants from appropriating to their own use, or that of their friends.

However, notwithstanding his immense talents, Mr. Spyglass has sometimes found himself in awkward dilemmas. This fact, it must be owned by all intelligent persons (as for the rest, who cares for them?)

does not militate to his prejudice; for even the greatest and best of men are not free from misfortune. It is not, therefore, with any wish to caricature him, or improperly to show him up, that we now take the liberty of relating sundry of his sayings and doings; but merely out of a philanthropic desire to make the public acquainted with peculiar deservings, of which it is a shame they should have remained so long ignorant.

Once, upon a dull, murky, mizzling morning in November (the month when one-third of the English people are deliberating as to the propriety of buying a rope and hanging themselves, and would quickly do so, if they could but summon enough resolution to venture out into the desolate, slippery street to procure a yard or two of that useful commodity), our friend witnessed such an enormity, that, if he had concealed it, in peace he could not have died—he saw a supposed servant, at half-past six in the morning, absolutely give away a whole loaf to an old char-woman. Not that Mr. Spyglass was in the habit of rising so early, for indeed he was a little of a lie-a-bed; but happening by chance, on this said morning, by the especial request of his loving spouse, to pull aside the curtain which shrouded the window of his sleeping apartment, to ascertain the state of the weather, he then and there discerned the iniquitous occurrence. It would be in vain for us to attempt to describe how his blood boiled with indignation, when he perceived this abominable breach of trust on the part of the servant, since no words could adequately depict his emotions; suffice it to say, that this monstrous crime agonized his waking and sleeping thoughts, until a quarter past ten, his usual breakfast time. Hastily dispatching his coffee and toast, burning his throat with the former in his anxiety, he slammed on his hat, hind part before, and proceeded to the house of Mrs. Williams, the lady who had been so shamefully aggrieved by her servant. Giving a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door, it was quickly opened by the person whom he came to accuse. Darting at her a look, intended to wither and appal (a proper lawyer's look), he skipped into the passage and violently rubbed his feet on the mat, in order to give vent to his spare energy.

"So, so, madam," he began, "I've found you out, have I? 'Tis thus you repay kind treatment, is it? O shame! shame!"

"Sir!" said the other, in indignant astonishment.

"Aye!" continued Mr. Spyglass, giving vent to all the wrath which he had so long bottled up, and which now in the presence of the criminal, effervesced and banged like ginger beer; "things done in the dark are not always hid. Can you dare to show your face before an honest man, when you know that you have been robbing ——?"

"I robbing!" almost screamed the woman.

"Yes! robbing, shamefully robbing those who have trusted you, who feed you, who pay you, who do every thing for you! Don't you think that, if any one deserves punishment, you do?"

"Murder! Help! help!"

"You may bawl; but that we might not disturb our good neighbours, I'll take the liberty of shutting the street door!"

"Oh! oh!" screamed the woman, when she perceived Mr. Spyglass

put his design into execution, "here's a murderer in the house ! Williams, come ! bring the poker ! any thing !"

"That's right ! I want to see your mistress."

"Mistress, sir !" said the woman, "I have no mistress. O you scoundrel ! Williams, why don't you come !"

"Your master, then," said Mr. Spyglass, with a most unlawyerlike disregard of terms.

As he thus spoke, a small, thin slip of humanity emerged from a dark staircase leading to the kitchen, dragging with some labour a ponderous kitchen-poker.

"You confounded coward, you !" cried the woman, addressing the little man and snatching the poker, "why didn't you come, you ass, before ? but you'd like to see me murdered—you would ! you would !"

Mr. Spyglass began to be a little daunted when he perceived the woman had commenced very martially to flourish the poker, bringing it into inconvenient proximity to his pate.

"Where's your master ?" asked he of the little man.

"I have no master, but herself," was the reply.

"Now out with you—you scoundrel—you villain—you murderer—you blackguard !" bawled the woman, describing sundry circles in the air with the poker. "Williams, why don't you get the door open ?—but you would like to see me murdered, you would ! you would ! You have hired this villain to murder me ! Away with you, sir !" continued she, sweeping the poker within an inch of Mr. Spyglass's head, "unless you want a broken skull !"

"I want to see the mistress of the house !"

"Well ! you do see her, sir—you see her, sir !—and I'll be mistress of it, yet, for many a long day, in spite of you, and *him*," replied the woman, turning the poker towards the little man, until its point almost touched the end of his nose ; "although he would like to see me murdered—but I won't be murdered yet, for all the gang of you ! so get out of *my* house, sir !"

A new light now burst all at once on the intellectual optics of Mr. Spyglass, and he saw he had made a sad mistake.

"I am afraid there has been some misapprehension here," said Mr. Spyglass in his blandest tones ; "will you allow me to explain ?"

"Well, sir !" said the lady, cautiously lowering her weapon of defence.

"You must know, madam," continued Mr. Spyglass, "that I saw a person giving away bread out of your house this morning, and I came——"

"That was I !" exclaimed the lady. "What, mustn't I give my own bread out of my own house, without being called a thief for it ? This is all your contrivance, Williams, but I'll pay you for it—you see if I don't ! Though I don't keep any servant, yet I brought all the money, and I won't be treated in this way—that I won't—that I won't !"

"My dear madam !" interposed our worthy friend.

"Dear enough, I dare be sworn ! None of your flummery, sir—none of your flummery, sir ! Williams, open the door, sir, this minute !

Don't you hear? You know he won't hurt you, for you are both in a tale!"

The little man, creeping stealthily between his wife and Mr. Spyglass, timidly opened the door.

"And now, sir," said the lady, resolutely taking hold of Mr. Spyglass's shoulders, "if you won't go by fair means, you shall by foul! There, sir!—take that, sir!" cried she, giving Mr. Spyglass two tremendous pushes, which sent him trundling almost into the middle of the street, "you insulting blackguard!" And slam! went the door.

Thus ignominiously expelled, Mr. Spyglass picked up his hat, which had taken a journey from his head to the kennel, and bent his steps towards his home, a great deal worse in body and mind than when he set out on his luckless errand.

Poor Mr. Spyglass! this unfortunate encounter, it might not unreasonably have been supposed, would have sickened him of his philanthropic endeavours to save the property of his neighbours from those plundering domestic animals all are obliged to entertain—*yclept* servants. But it is one of the properties of Mr. Spyglass's vast and comprehensive mind, to rebound from misfortune as a ball does from a wall, uninjured, and ready for another throw. Reflecting that where the motive is pure, the action must be commendable, he has persuaded himself that he was very ill-treated by Mrs. Williams, and that not he, but her vulgarity, was to blame. Seeing that this belief is likely to be productive of so many benefits to the public, we would not willingly shake it; let him still remain in the useful delusion!

It is a maxim nearly as old as Adam, that when a person busies himself very much about other people's affairs, he can never find time to attend to his own. A most remarkable instance of the truth of this maxim is Mr. Spyglass. Although he is thus active—thus self-denying—thus indefatigable—thus industrious—thus unflinching in watching over the conduct of other people's servants, his own contrive, somehow or other, to escape his quick-sighted vigilance. They punctually report to him every instance of misbehaviour on the part of their fellow-servants of Norbut Street, and yet are guilty of much worse offences themselves. One of them, who styles herself cook, admits every night a host of friends through the area gate, and has never, to the best of our knowledge, been discovered. The nurse is famous in the street for intriguing with a footman residing next door—yet Mr. Spyglass knows nothing of it. Nay, even a little bit of a chit, about ten years of age, who is hired as a sort of general helper, goes home every evening laden with edibles, but Mr. Spyglass remains in a state of the most blissful ignorance. Mr. and Mrs. Spyglass cannot go out of an evening without their servants having the blind fiddler in the kitchen, and a dozen acquaintances to dance, but not a whisper of it comes to the ear of our worthy friend, and we don't think it worth our while to tell him:—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!"

Heartily do we wish long life to Jacob Spyglass, Esq. attorney-at-law, the untiring censor over the morals of the servants of Norbut Street. Long may he live to exercise his useful functions; and may

he never again meet with such a mischance as the one we have related. Surely, O virtuous Spyglass ! if any one has deserved to be rewarded by a grateful public, thou hast. In thy zeal for their welfare thou neglectest thine own ; preserving their property from their servants, thou losest thine own. Thou art like many physicians, who, curing others, never can manage to cure themselves—like many sooth-sayers who, seeing the fate of other people, are ignorant of their own. Yet, O most useful, if not most famous of the sons of men, we wish thee all happiness—all felicity—all gratification which this sublunary state can afford ! Farewell !

SELWYN COSWAY.

E V A.

*An Evening Scene, near Broxbourne, in company with C. W * * E * * and A. H. 1837.*

BY R. H. HORNE, AUTHOR OF "COSMO DE' MEDICI," &c.

THE spell of silence deep,
And dream that is not sleep,
Intensely reigns above the magic scene ;
O'er the weird pulse of air,
And wooded isle's dark hair,
And o'er the water's tomb-like depths serene.

The influence of dream,
Tho' bound to sleep it seem,
A wider sphere with visions doth enwreath ;
O'er nature's zone 'tis wound,
Diffus'd through life around,
In joy, in sorrow, and perchance thro' death.

Oh, I have spent my youth
In sadness and in truth,
With feelings deep that no return have known ;
So from fond hope I wove
Imaginings of love,
Tasted of heaven—then woke—and all was gone !

But now my soul hath found
A balm for every wound,
A refuge, a twin-spirit—long denied—
And mute with deep excess
Of unhop'd happiness,
I pause with thee, fond Eva, by my side.

Dim Trance lies in the trees,
And Awe, that fear half sees !
With sense of elemental life we dwell ;
In sweetness and mild pain,
Like some unearthly strain,
Our souls yearn forth and mingle with the spell.

The mill-wheel's voice is mute,
No lonely owlets hoot,
Nor bat's wild cry, or frighten'd shade obtrude ;
The wind lies clasp'd in death,
Who sucks its last faint breath,
And spell-bound on a stone sits Solitude !

The grief-hair'd willows weep
Slow dews, like tears of sleep,
And mute enchantments float invisibly ;
Only a thrill around,
Seems often like a sound
Of whispers—trickling drops—and far-off sea.

Athwart the distance dim,
Three magic cygnets swim,
With necks and wings unearthly in their motion :—
Like spirits, in their pride
And death-white shape, they glide
Now here—now there—mute as our wrapt devotion.

The dripping wing and hum
Of water-insects come
At intervals—but unlike life or breath :
O'er moveless reeds and grass
Illusive visions pass ;
Oblivion floats in undecaying death !

A pallid flickering teems
In superhuman gleams,
And steeps our sense in dimly working charms ;
While movelessly we lean,
United with the scene—
A trance that broods beneath o'ermarbled forms !

Yet doth one vision flow,
For we are such as know
Each other's inmost thoughts and feelings deep ;
So that the subtle power
Whose presence rules the hour,
Unites in us, and like one pulse doth creep.

The world is far away,
Its heart ache and its clay ;
And all the narrow springs of evil powers,
Like snakes in darkness wind,
Leaving no trace behind
To soil the beauty of our opiate bowers.

Each hope and passion wild
Sleeps like a languid child,
And dim Imaginations glide, and rest—
His star-crown melts away—
Cloud-throne and sceptred sway—
Into one living dream, deep welling through each breast.

Ah, me ! that thus sublime
 Could pass an age of time—
 A silent rapture of divinity !
 With nought to think or move,
 Save an absorbing Love,
 Melting our souls into eternity.

But now the thrilling scene
 Wanders—and Time again
 Lifts his dull head, and shakes his locks of grey !
 Slowly thy steps do wend,
 And silently, my friend,
 Thou bear'st thy deep-devoted Love away.

Oh, shall I turn mine eyes
 To gaze upon *thine* eyes—
 Or dream ungazing ?—O'er the murmuring ford
 Their hazy forms now pass,
 Like ghosts o'er the morass,
 And I am left alone with thee, my soul's adored.

DRUIDS AND DRUIDISM.

AMONG our notices of the various occult sciences and systems of initiation, the history of Druidism is entitled to a distinguished place. We have already had occasion to remark that Druidism was no rude and barbarous institution, like some of those to which it has been compared, among the North American Indians. So far from this, it was a most elaborate and subtle theory of philosophy and mythology as profound as the Cabalism of the Jews, and as complicated as the Brahminism of the Hindoos. The ancient Britons, heaven rest their souls ! were never savage barbarians in the vulgar sense of the term, but as gentlemanly in their way, two thousand years ago, as they are at present. Perhaps the main difference will be found to be, that while they painted their bodies, we moderns paint our souls—they used yellow ochre, and we the devil's ink. So warmly attached have the Britons been to the memory of the Druids in the olden time, that their name at least has been perpetuated by a secret society of initiates that now flourish in great force at Oxford and other places. They rank as high in character and respectability as any body of theosophists in the country, excepting perhaps the Freemasons. Much general analogy subsists between these two orders, which have mutually illustrated each other's history without any unseemly bickering. The periodical, bearing the title of the *Druid*, has won nearly as many laurels as the *Freemason's Quarterly*, a work of considerable excellence. A curious story is told of the Druids, showing how they found it necessary to give a handsome present to a certain individual, who was going to expose their initiations *ad profanum vulgus*. But let that pass. Lodgemens manage to get over these little rubs with a tolerably good grace, for a spirit of benevolence prevails among them, which throws a mantle of charity over all offences. It is astonishing

how some men can agree, when they find it their interest to agree. The settlement of recent schisms among the Freemasons will illustrate the proposition—but, *verbum sap.* Those of our readers who wish to search the history of Druidism further, may consult Toland's Treatise on them, and Oliver's History of Initiations. But, above all other writers on the subject of Druidism, would we recommend Davies, the author of the Celtic Researches. His History of the British Druids is a perfect mine of information on their most recondite antiquities. We understand that the whole remaining stock of this celebrated work has come into the hands of Mr. Brown, of Old Street. Davies, though not free from the hyper-enthusiasm which always runs in the blood of the Welsh, has never been excelled by any writer who has yet discussed Druidic literature. Let those who are inclined to blame him write a better work if they can; but this is a challenge they will not accept.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

Tatham's Chart and Scale of Truth. The Chart and Scale of Truth, by which to find the Cause of Error. Lectures read before the University of Oxford, at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Bampton, M.A. By EDWARD TATHAM, D.D. late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. A new edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, from the author's MSS. with a Memoir, Preface, and Notes. By E. W. GRINFIELD, M.A. late of Lincoln College. Pickering, 1840.

TATHAM'S Chart and Scale of Truth has long been celebrated as a very talented system of inductive or analytic logic. Originally published in a very crude and undigested state, it still contained a vigour of thought, a ripeness of learning, and a pungency of style, which excited not only the attention of the university but the public. In consequence of the demand made for the first edition, its copies were nearly exhausted, and had risen to an enormous price, when Mr. Grinfield was called on to prepare an improved edition. Furnished by the surviving relative of Dr. Tatham with all his MS. notes in relation to the work, its editor has very gracefully interwoven them into the text, so as to preserve the chain of argument entire and unbroken. Perhaps, the critical scholar would have preferred to see an exact reprint of the old text, with the annotations subscribed at the bottom of the page. He would then have known exactly what was what, and have accurately distinguished the relative value of the sentences. Still, for a popular purpose, Mr. Grinfield has decidedly adopted the best course, and presented us with a readable and agreeable work, free from those blemishes and defects that impaired the artistic merit of the first edition. In entering on the subject-matter of the work, we must premise the principle by which its position will ultimately be determined. That principle is the prothetic one, so eloquently illustrated by the current Quarterly Review, in an article on the Alexandrian Syncretism;—a word derived from *συν* and *ἕρπειν*, to join, and which seeks to combine the synthetic and syllogistic system of Aristotle, with the analytic or inductive system of Bacon. Leibnitz, for instance, a notorious and avowed Syncretist of this sort, spent some years in solving this exact problem of reconciliation. Granting, with Plato and Aristotle (in this alike though in many respects so different), that there were certain eternal and universal ideas, innate and pre-existent in the soul—certain principles and axioms, moral and intellectual, which were immanent and intrinsic therein, Leibnitz allowed the integrity and priority of the syllo-

gistic method. Wherever (says he) you have a first principle of conscience, or consciousness in your soul, which your heart recognizes as intuitive rather than borrowed, in such case, take it as a first axiom, for granted. Do not attempt to discover the cause of such a prepositum, for the cause is God, whom none can find out by searching. You might as well attempt to discover the cause why you have a head or a leg. You have them, and that is enough ; one is given you to think with, and another to walk with ; they are themselves causes of thought and ambulation ; their use is in their effect. Well, then, continues Leibnitz, if you grant, with Aristotle, the doctrine of innate ideas, it will follow that from these you may reason synthetically, that is syllogistically. You may reason directly downwards from cause to effect, from generals to particulars. Therefore, the doctrines of innate ideas and syllogisms, as many writers observe, stand or fall together. This was so clearly discerned by Locke, that in his attempt to establish the inductive or analytic system, as the sole exclusive theory, he went so far as to contradict the whole current of ancient philosophies, and advocated the gross and palpable hallucination that the soul was merely a *tabula rasa*, a flat, passive recipient of borrowed images ; that it was incapable of all internal and a-tarkous thought, and wholly dependent on the reflexions and refractions of matter. Locke forgot that the analytic theory he sought to elaborate was merely a part of a great whole, and that the subordinate and secondary part. He forgot that syllogism is analogous to the rule of three direct, while analysis is analogous to the rule of three inverse. He forgot that it is merely a backward process resorted to when the forward fails of certainty, only resorted to on the plea of ignorance. So entirely does the analytic method depend for its integrity on the existence of the synthetic, that if by a process of analysis, we arrive at any thing which contradicts those first principles on which syllogism is founded, we feel the analysis has been wrong, and go on repeating it till we make both the ends of truth meet and amalgamate. Still, we are far from denying the excellence of the analytic, or inverse system of logic, in its own sphere ; it is eminently useful as a pioneer to remove the obstructions that arise from ignorance of matter-of-fact. Light always exists, and is always ready to shine if you will let it ; but light cannot shine upon a jewel hidden under a mass of rubbish ; you must remove the rubbish, and then will the light shine on the jewel. Analysis does not give the light, but it removes the rubbish which obstructs the course of that light. It cannot give light, for light always descends, *ex vi naturâ* from the immaterial to the material, from the universal to the particular. But it can remove the rubbish that obstructs the course of that light, and here is its immense value. The light of a principle would be of little value to us, unless we were acquainted with some method of establishing its influence over facts. While the principle remains a sublime occult abstraction, what does it avail us, *de apparentibus, et non existentibus eadem est ratio*. But analysis comes in to our relief ; by removing the obstructions after its inverse fashion, that baffled the current of light, we behold all things and prove all things. Analysis does that for us which a mason does when he pulls down an old partition wall. Immediately the light bursts through, and enables us to discern every individual stone of which the barrier was composed. Let the two systems of syllogism and analysis—one the ancient, and the other the modern—both walk together in philosophic amity, linked hand in hand, saving each other from stumbling and falling over the rough places of time and sense. Such being our conviction that each of these systems is useful in its own partial and particular sphere, we feel obliged to Dr. Tatham and his learned editor, for having so eloquently pleaded the importance of the inductive or analytic method. But while we say this, we protest against the idea of allowing analysis to murder syllogism—this would be an intellectual fratricide of a very fatal character. We wish analysis to stand, but we do not wish syllogism to fall ; but we feel that syllogism is in no great danger.

God and the nature of the soul have established its imperishable sway—it is as immortal as the mind from which it emerges. Our friends at Oxford will not be frightened out of their senses by Dr. Tatham, and they will still exercise syllogism within its just limits, as Whately and Hamden have already done. But they will not be the less grateful for the republication of the noblest defence of analytic logic yet written, for on the legal maxim, *audi alteram partem*, they are bound to hear both sides fairly.

CURRENCY QUESTION.

Essay on Money, and its Origin and Use. By JOHN TAYLOR.

A View of the Monetary System in England, with Proposals for establishing a Secure and Equitable Credit Currency. By JAMES TAYLOR.

The Nation in a Dilemma : or which shall we alter, the Currency, or the Mode of Taxation ? By J. CAPPS.

Several books of this nature have been sent to us, all stating the importance of remodifying the currency system. Their leading theory has been already stated in the "Monthly," in an article in the 14th number, and their general proposition amounts to this—that government should make a large issue of one pound notes, declaring them to be legal tenders in all transactions, and receiving them as such for taxes, &c. but leaving them free, in other respects, to the variations of market price. Their views are thus stated by the author of the "Nation in a Dilemma":—

"OUR PRESENT EMBARRASSMENTS ARTIFICIALLY CREATED.

"' If this country has money in abundance, it will have all the trade from the whole world ; and if you make money very scarce, the trade will go to other countries.'—N. M. ROTHSCHILD.

"The nature and operation of the Circulating Medium form one of the most important branches of commercial and political science ; and those persons who are endeavouring to store their minds with really useful knowledge, will do well to make themselves acquainted with its principles. Perhaps upon no other subject of equal importance does so much ignorance prevail among well-educated men ; and the necessary consequence is, that great distress frequently arises and prevails in the community, which might altogether be avoided—a distress for which there is no necessity in the nature of things, but which is entirely the result of our own artificial arrangements.

" It is not by any means an uncommon occurrence for us to find all at once our trade paralysed, our merchants filled with dismay and despondency, our manufacturers reduced to working half-time, and people's minds generally filled with doubt and apprehension, when absolutely nothing at all has occurred really to cause or justify such a state of things. The nation is precisely in as good a condition as it was during the previous week ; it contains just the same amount of material wealth ; no property of any kind has suffered destruction or even diminution ; all that constitutes the riches of a community remains unimpaired and unchanged ; and yet numbers of men, who, a few days previously, were very well off, are entirely ruined, and hundreds of others are obliged to sacrifice half their property to save themselves from the Gazette.

" In order to show that there is no real ground for this state of things,—but that the distress we frequently experience, and which we have described, is artificially caused, and may be made to give way to wise commercial arrangements,—we remark, in the first place, that there can be no real distress where there is sufficient to supply every want. Distress necessarily implies an *absence* of those things which are fitted for the supply of our necessities—in one word, it implies *want*. There can be no real distress

without want. Am I distressed by hunger? then my distress is want of food.—By thirst? then it is want of drink.—By nakedness and cold? then it is want either of raiment, fuel, or a habitation; and so on with every kind of distress which a human being can experience. As long as an individual or a community possesses an abundance of those things which are fitted for the supply of human wants, so long, if that individual or community be distressed, must the distress arise from artificial causes.

"Now, it is not pretended by any one that our difficulties arise from a deficiency of any of the necessities and conveniences of life—from too small a quantity of material productions. So far from this being the case, some people, absurdly enough, attribute our embarrassments to the superabundance of goods. 'Over-production, over-production,' these persons cry, 'is the cause of our misery!' not reflecting that that which they assert is absolutely contradictory and impossible. If over-production alone were the cause, the remedy would be less production. But it is notorious, that the very persons who complain of over-production being the cause of distress, are themselves exercising their ingenuity in every possible way to increase production. Improved machinery, lengthened hours of human labour, and the employment of women and children, all contradict the notion which people are apt to entertain when they cannot sell their goods, that too many are produced. No; let production be increased a thousand-fold, and the community will be but a thousand-fold the richer. Let coats, hats, shoes, and provisions be so multiplied, that they may be had almost for the picking up; and we shall still be at a loss to conceive how the distress of the country is increased by this abundance. The evil, then, is not in over-production; for, according to the soundest and most obvious principles of political economy, a nation is enriched by every addition which can be made to its material wealth, and not distressed by such addition.

"What, then, is the cause of the commercial embarrassment and perplexity which are experienced? for it is indubitable that such embarrassment and perplexity do exist. If it be a truth that too many commodities of all kinds cannot be produced, how is it that our merchants and manufacturers are ruined by possessing too many? The principle we have already laid down, that 'All distress proceeds from want,' will furnish us, we believe, with the solution in this case. It is want of a proper medium of exchange that distresses them. It is not want of goods, but want of the instrument by which those goods are measured and valued, and by which alone a legal transfer can be made, that distresses them. Under a monetary system, it is not enough for persons to possess an abundance of commodities to free them from embarrassment. Before they can procure those articles which they want, in exchange for those which they possess, they are obliged to procure the measure which alone is allowed to determine the relative values of these productions. If, from any cause, there be insuperable difficulties in the way of obtaining this measure, their exchanges must be delayed or abandoned, so that they are actually as much distressed as though they had no goods to exchange. A linen-draper who employs fifty young men behind his counter, may be as much inconvenienced, if he have only two or three yard measures in his shop, as though he had no goods to sell; especially, if he cannot legally do business except through the medium of these yard measures; and if he have to borrow others, and pay enormously for their use, his business may become not worth the doing.

"It is remarkable that so many mercantile men should so much have mistaken the cause of their difficulties, as to have believed that over-production was the root of the evil; and it can only be accounted for by the consideration, that this is probably the first impression that would be made on the mind of a person who is deeply immersed in the ordinary routine of business, and unable, from want of time or inclination, to investigate the cause of those effects which he witnesses. A merchant, A., brings to market

a certain commodity; and other merchants, B. and C., in the same line of business, bring the same kind of commodities. There is probably no sale for them, or, at any rate, not to any considerable extent. A. B. and C. at once conclude that too many are brought to market, because they find that the demand for them by the public is not equal to the supply which they have furnished. They rest here, and go no further. It never strikes them to inquire, *why* is it that there is no *greater demand* for the goods?—The supply is obviously greater than the demand, but the fault may be in the *demand* instead of the supply. And so it is, in the majority of instances. While A. B. and C. are concluding they have made too many goods, D. E. and F. are looking at these goods with longing eyes, wanting, but not daring, to buy them. They are in the same condition as A. B. and C.; they cannot obtain a sale for their respective commodities, otherwise A. B. and C.'s goods would not stand long on hand. All this time their own commodities are wanted by a third party in the same state as themselves; and so all are in turn distressed, not for want of wealth, for they may be actually possessed of property sufficient to supply all their real wants, but for want of a proper supply of that instrument, which can alone legally transfer that property from one person to another in the ordinary course of trade.

"The fact is, that the great mass of the population is wanting those very things of which it is said there is too great a supply. The supply is not too great abstractedly; but the demand is suppressed and forcibly held down by the stern necessity of first providing that which, from many causes, is frequently unattainable. Though the property of this country has been calculated to be worth upwards of three thousand millions of pounds sterling, yet not fifty millions' worth is at any time represented by legal currency; and in times of commercial pressure, this comparatively small amount is considerably reduced.

"Now this distress arising from this cause is not a natural distress, and is not at all a necessary one. It is a distress *forced* upon a community. It would not occur unless it were *made* to occur. Did any thing happen to annihilate wealth—did an earthquake, a tempest, or a fire occur, which caused the destruction of property, no one need to be surprised at distress arising; but where every thing which constitutes human wealth remains undiminished and unimpaired, it is the height of absurdity to suppose any general distress need *necessarily* occur.

"We implied, in the former part of this Letter, that general over-production could not happen; but there is a species of over-production which may occur, and which it is necessary to point out that our meaning may not be misunderstood. The over-production to which we now allude is *relative* over-production. Production may be relatively too great, if too great a proportion of one kind of goods is produced compared with other kinds. This kind of over-production would always be manifest, and would be immediately rectified, if it were not that our currency system misleads the producers of these goods, and hinders them from ascertaining when there is too great a supply of one article compared with others. The only thing by which a merchant can discover that there is an over-production of one particular commodity, is the fact that he cannot find a ready sale for it; but then this difficulty of effecting sales may occur when there is really no relative over-production; for this is not the only cause which prevents sales taking place—another, and more frequently recurring cause, is, a scarcity or a fluctuation in the supply of the circulating medium; and when two causes may be at work to produce the same results, it is difficult to tell which is the one that is operating. That kind of over-production, as it is erroneously called, which only results from the supply of the circulating medium being too limited, is really no over-production at all; for in this sense every thing might be produced in too great quantities, which, as we have before shown, is absurd and contradictory. This, however, is the kind of over-production

which our merchants generally complain of. They are too deeply engaged in the every-day transactions of their business, to stop to inquire whether the inconvenience they so frequently experience, arises from there being *too much* of commodities, or *too little* of the medium of exchange, but set it down at once as a self-evident truth, that when they cannot sell their goods *too many* have been made.

"By a similar chain of reasoning, if a person were to attempt to carry a gallon of water from a spring in a quart bottle, it might certainly be said that there was *too much water*; but if a gallon of water were required for his family at home, we think it would be preferable to say that the *bottle was too small*. And if such a person went on, day after day, exposing his family to inconvenience and distress from his non-perception of this simple truth, we might very properly say, that this inconvenience and this distress were artificial and not at all necessary; and this we assert of the principal part of the embarrassments which afflict the commercial world.

"It is well for us that our commercial panics and our trading embarrassments, which many persons think it is impossible to remove, have this artificial origin. Had they their foundation in natural causes, we might possibly strive in vain for an amelioration of them. Happily for us, our troubles arise not from want of real wealth, but from want of a proper representative of it; not from want of the substance, but from want of the shadow; not from want of that which Providence furnishes—which, in such a case, we could in no way supply—but from want of that which Providence leaves to *man* to furnish, and which by wise legislative arrangements can be supplied in a degree equal to the demand.

"Having, in the foregoing few remarks, dwelt upon the embarrassments occasioned by a false and an unsound system of currency, which we think we are at present oppressed with; we intend in our subsequent letters to exhibit, as far as our narrow limits will allow, what we conceive to be the *true philosophy* of a circulating medium; the principles of which, notwithstanding the reputed intricacy of the subject, may, we think, be as clearly exhibited as the principles of any other science."

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Practical Observations on Abortion. By J. S. STREETER, Surgeon, &c.
London: Sherwood, 1840. 8vo.

The author of this little work stands high among the general practitioners of the present day. The substance of the treatise before us was brought under the notice of the *Westminster Medical Society*, in a paper read by Mr. Streeter, where it attracted considerable attention. The subject chosen is one of great importance to the profession, and respecting which much difference of opinion and misapprehension exists. All Mr. Streeter's observations prove him to be a sensible and judicious practitioner. He enters very elaborately into the consideration of the structure of the ovum, then details the nature, symptoms, and causes of abortion. The fourth chapter is devoted to the treatment of miscarriage, and lastly he details the mode of preventing such mishaps in any future pregnancy. To the professional man the work will prove highly valuable, and we predict for it an extensive circulation. Mr. Streeter has directed much attention to this department of medical practice; and he is much esteemed by all who have the honour of knowing him, for his gentlemanly deportment, and great medical and scientific attainments. That his work may succeed in making him more generally known, is our sincere wish. The work is illustrated by wood-cuts.

First Principles of Medicine. By A. BILLING, M.D., A.M. Third edition.
Highley, Fleet Street, 8vo. pp. 282.

It is with much pleasure that we direct public attention to the new edition of Dr. Billing's valuable work. In this age of book-making it is quite

a relief to the mind, to peruse the writings of a physician who appears determined not to be tied down to the authority of great names, but to exercise the privilege of thinking for himself. The name of the illustrious John Hunter has long been reverenced by medical men. He was a man of transcendent genius. His powers of observation and indefatigable industry in the pursuit of knowledge, are unrivalled in the annals of medicine. His celebrated work on inflammation has long been considered as a lasting monument to his originality and powers of reasoning. The theory of inflammation broached in this work it has almost been considered *impious* to question, consequently few have taken the pains to examine carefully the data upon which Hunter founded his theoretical speculations. Dr. Billing has, however, dared to dispute the doctrines of a Hunter, and we think he has clearly established many of this great surgeon's notions on the subject of inflammation to be erroneous. In doing so, he also differs very widely from the opinions of Bichât, Sir A. Cocker, and Lawrence. In point of treatment, he coincides with these surgeons, and only dissents from their views on physiological and pathological grounds.

In medical literature, we have too many works devoted to the relation of cases, and too few to the developement of principles. It is astonishing how few medical men are thoroughly versed in the principles of their profession. Satisfied with the result of their own personal experience, and aided by the observation of others, they succeed in persuading the public to place confidence in their skill. There can be no doubt but that a man of *mere experience* may prove a successful practitioner. In simple cases of disease, he may answer the purpose of amusing the patient whilst nature is effecting a cure; but he is not a safe practitioner. In anomalous, and very often in apparently simple cases of disease, he finds himself at a loss. Without principles to direct him he never can prove a trustworthy guide at the bed-side of a patient.

Dr. Billing has entered into the consideration of this subject in the true spirit of a philosopher, and he has produced a work which cannot but elevate him considerably in the estimation of the public and profession. In his introduction he dwells upon the importance of the stethoscope to the practical physician. He justly observes that "one difficulty in the way of learners of auscultation is their attempting to begin on patients: this is like trying to study morbid anatomy before acquiring a knowledge of healthy structure. If beginners would first learn the sounds of respiration and of the heart, in healthy persons, which may be done in about ten minutes once for all, they would have little difficulty in detecting any unhealthy deviations from the normal state, and would very soon arrive at just diagnosis." Dr. Billing's work is essentially practical. He endeavours, and in many instances successfully, to combat the prevalent notions respecting the operation and properties of medicines, and points out the mode of using them in various cases of disease.

We would direct public attention to the following just observations on change of climate in cases of consumption:—"It is generally very unnecessary, and worse than useless, to send patients away from their friends, and often at enormous inconvenience. If they are consumptive, they will thus die in exile; and if not, they may be cured at home. Of the first, it is unnecessary to give examples—there are abundant marble records in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, and in the West Indies and Madeira. A case will explain more fully what I mean by the second. A young man was condemned by high medical authority to banishment to Madeira, as 'nothing else would save him,' but there were some strong objections. In the first place, love—he was on the point of being married; and secondly, he was engaged in a valuable business, which depended much on his personal superintendence: a new trial was therefore moved for, and the case was brought before me. I decided that it was mere chronic catarrh in a relaxed constitu-

tion ; that nothing was necessary but some tonic, such as iron or bark, with animal food or fermented liquor ; and above all, exercise on horseback in the *cool* air. Under this treatment, he was well in less than a month, and is now the father of a family." Again, when speaking of the same disease, he says, "One thing of which I am convinced is, that the true principle of healing consumption is to support the patient's strength to the utmost ; and that though occasional complications may call for antiphilistic treatment, tubercular disease by itself does not. I must again caution young practitioners against shutting up consumptive patients in warm rooms. I am satisfied that the want of exercise induces a languor which makes them wear out faster than if permitted to ride or walk, according to their strength, in the open air." Dr. Billing, we understand, has been highly successful in treating cases of consumption, and we would earnestly direct the attention of the faculty to his valuable observations on the pathology and treatment of lung disease.

Dr. Billing's treatise has the advantage of being as interesting to non-professional men as to medical practitioners. His style of writing is remarkable for its elegance and perspicuity ; and the absence of technicalities renders the work comprehensible to the general reader. In fact it is a book which every father of a family, and every clergyman, ought to have in his possession. To the medical student and practitioner it is indispensable. How much valuable time might be saved by the student of medicine mastering Dr. Billing's work. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the man who judiciously condenses human knowledge. The medical student has to make himself acquainted with so many branches of science that it is impossible that he can acquire more than a respectable knowledge of each. To the man who really wishes to study and practise medicine philosophically, how valuable such a work as the one before us must be. The medical man has to read many works that are really valueless in order to obtain an insight into the principles of the science he is cultivating, and, after all, he often finds his labour thrown away. It is from a knowledge of this circumstance that we so strongly recommend Dr. Billing's work. Every page ought to be studied with care. We never recollect to have read a medical treatise from which we derived so much valuable information, and we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of bringing it under the consideration of others.

Vital Dynamics : the Hunterian Oration before the Royal College of Surgeons in London, 14th February, 1840. By JOSEPH HENRY GREEN, F.R.S., late Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the College : Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy ; one of the Surgeons to St. Thomas's Hospital. London : William Pickering, 1840.

How welcome is this book to us ! We have been yearning for something like it these last fifteen years—and now we have it—from the pen of one most qualified to write it—the disciple and the executor of Samuel Taylor Coleridge ! "The popular philosophy," says Mr. Green, "has retarded the progress of science by fictions, fancies, and arbitrary assumptions ;" and he then proceeds to expose (how justly !) the inconsistencies and contradictions that perplex and bewilder the mind, in the futile endeavours to construct a scheme of the facts and phenomena of nature from merely sensuous *data* ; though it would not be difficult to show, that the pretended appeal to the senses is, in many instances, merely the substitution of the sensuous fancy for experience, and of pictures and figments for sensuous realities ! "What other name," he demands, "than that of a figment can we give to the so-called 'matter' of physical reasoners ? For the notion of a *materia prima*,—of a substance, standing *sub apparentibus*,—of a *noumenon* in contradistinction to its *phænomenon*,—supposes something beyond the qualities and forces with which it may have been endowed, and by means of which only it can act upon us, or become thereby a possible object of sensuous experience : and what possible object, conceptual or sensible, can remain after the ab-

straction of all and every property? How can we imagine even this *residuum*, except by mistaking the effort of straining the fancy for the notion it strives to realize? Has the natural philosopher satisfied himself that he derives any advantage in behoof of physics from the assumption of a material *substratum*? Will not some doubt mingle with his belief in examining this question, when he considers that our great Newton could admit that the particles of matter are infinitely small in proportion to the distances between them; and that others have thought it no objection to the doctrine, that the material universe might be compressed within the compass of a nut-shell? Will he find any authority or support for the opinion in the speculations of the materialist, Priestley, who leaves us in doubt whether the question between matter and spirit be not a mere verbal dispute? Let me entreat him, lastly, to weigh, whether the investigations of physics are not ever really and truly directed to the powers and forces with which matter is endowed, rather than to this imagined *substratum*, which the modern science of physics at least is content to keep out of view, as far as its doubtful nature renders it desirable, and to waive the boast of Ralpho, who

‘protest

He had First Matter seen undrest;
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.’

“It is very true that the metaphysical question of the nature of the matter is one which has been lost sight of, or banished, by modern physics, and that the experimental school has been content to take matter as a *datum* unexplained, or not requiring elucidation. It is, however, more than a question, whether the inherent difficulties of a sensuous and essentially mechanical philosophy of nature have been removed, by substituting or giving prominence to the *Atomic Doctrine*.

“The modern experimentalist assumes or believes that the material constitution of the universe essentially consists in an original number of physical atoms, each distinguished by its specific properties; that these are so aggregated as to constitute bodies; that the physical atoms are so disposed, arranged and connected, as to produce the differences of solid, with all the modifications of density, of liquid and aëroform, and that in all instances they are disposed segregately with interstices, which permit the permeation of the body by other material molecules, and allow of separation, division, or reconjunction, without change or destruction of the individual molecules. Now it is very true that the supposed nature and arrangement of the atoms answer two very important purposes, and offer a sensuous intuition on the one hand, of the porosity, permeability and separability, and on the other, of the solidity, impenetrability, and continuity of bodily existence; and the condition under which such phenomena are possible, is undoubtedly a necessary postulate of the human mind. But it by no means follows that the atomic constitution of matter is the condition which justifies and necessitates its assumption. In order to conceive a body, its composition and decomposition, it is necessary to contemplate it as a possible partible and *continuum*. But what, after all, is this but to say, that an extended whole or body must be conceived as separable or divisible into parts, and that, viewing the whole as an aggregate of parts, that which we predicate of all must be predicated of each? Does the atomic doctrine bring us one whit nearer to a solution of the remarkable fact of the interpenetration of aëroform bodies, of their rapid diffusion through each other's masses, so that there is no limit to their incorporation;—‘one gas,’ as Dalton expresses it, ‘acting as a *vacuum* with respect to another?’ Does it add any insight into the nature of the quantitative *minima* in the combining ingredients of chemical compounds, which the law of definite proportions has disclosed? It may be convenient for the natural philosopher to call these parts elementary molecules or atoms, but he should never forget that these physical atoms are contrivances of the sensuous imagination, for the purpose of presenting the constitution and changes

of bodies as an image : or, if he forget it, he must be reminded that, so far from explaining the material constitution of bodies, they are, in truth, themselves little bodies, of which the parts just as much require explanation as those of larger ; and that the difficulty would be the same in respect of a mote dancing in the sunbeam, as of the solar system itself. If, however, the atomic doctrine pretends to be more than a language, the naturalist will find that he has only exchanged the inconvenient speculation regarding matter for the no less intractable problem which body offers, and which the assumption of physical atoms renders nowise intelligible ; an exchange oppressed with similar difficulties, and which must ever beset a natural philosophy appealing to the senses for facts that cannot be matters of experience, referring to the authority of the senses for *data* that are beyond the capability of the senses to determine, and—not the least of the difficulties—endowing these molecules with forces that render the physical atoms themselves the superfluous accessories of a natural philosophy too lazy to investigate its primary *data* and postulates, and to render them consistent with each other.

"If it should be objected that the experimentalist finds no necessity for troubling himself with metaphysical questions, which he assumes to lie beyond the sphere within which he limits his exertions, and that he adopts the atomic, or other theory, only as a convenient hypothesis, or serviceable language, for conveying or recording a knowledge of the facts which he observes, or has the good fortune to discover,—that, in short, they answer a logical purpose, which it would be difficult otherwise to supply, in contemplating the constitution and changes of nature ; let him bear in mind that he is adopting a picture language, which, like the paintings on the walls of Egyptian tombs, or like Mr. Bowles's Bibles, may have the advantage of vividly affecting the senses, but is incapable of expressing more or other than what affects the senses ; and therefore (if our views be correct) calculated to withdraw the mind from the true objects of physical inquiry, namely, powers, forces, causes, laws ; the attempt to express which adequately in a language of the senses cannot but be a failure, attended with the disadvantage of misleading the mind from the true aims of inductive science. Shall we not, however, rather say that hypotheses, as founded upon arbitrary or insufficient *data*, are positive causes of error, and by the false semblance of knowledge, retard the progress of science. Opinions necessarily influence the statement of facts, and may keep us in ignorance of the truth, and perpetuate error, unless they have been previously subjected to philosophical criticism. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the mischief of hypothetical reasoning, and how much farther its influence may extend beyond a mere logical mode of connecting facts, in the instances of the protracted authority of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, of the doctrine of the elements and humours in medicine, and of the mechanical physiology of the school of Boerhaave :—and equivalent examples are not wanting in modern times, of which the acidifying principle of Lavoisier's chemistry is a notable instance. It may be said, indeed, that the errors here adduced were corrected by a further and more searching appeal to sensuous experience ; but were I bound to grant the objection, I might still ask ;—Whence did the errors originate, except in the too-exclusive authority of the senses, and of the faculty judging according to sense ; and what is to guard us in future against similar errors, except a philosophy which, in determining the grounds and aims of natural science, shall render the human mind consistent with itself, as the proof of its coincidence with universal and permanent truth."

Mr. Green then proceeds to enforce the distinction between the understanding and reason, recognized by our elder writers, adopted by the philosophers of Germany, and insisted upon by our own Coleridge ; and further states that he has undertaken the entire argument with a view of "reconciling the study of nature with the requirements of our Moral Being, and of connecting science,—which, even as the noblest offspring of our intellect, is

but a fragment of our humanity,—with the philosophy of Coleridge, which, as far as my knowledge extends, pre-eminently, if not alone, gives life and reality to metaphysical pursuits, by showing their birth, growth, and requisite foundation in the whole man, head and heart.” Mr. Green seeks, in a word, to convince the student of the true import of the doctrine of Ideas, as eternal Truths, which are, indeed, actuating Powers, in the faith of the correlation of the Human Mind with the Divine Reason, with that Intelligence whose thoughts are acts, with that Mind which is the identity of truth and reality. An idea or “Principle,” in Mr. Green’s sense, is a causative first, which predetermines its consequents and results, and therefore potentially contains them,—that is, has the power of producing them, though the power may not have been actually exerted in realizing them. Sometimes, the word spirit is used as a synonyme of idea—as in the phrase, “Spirit or Idea of the British Constitution,” which spirit or idea as a seed, *semen genitum*, having found an appropriate soil, has grown and evolved itself, as it were, by a blind and silent life; and, notwithstanding the occasional frost-blight, the shock of the blast, and the stroke of the lightning, has reared itself amid faction, invasion, and revolution, into a growth as stately as the native oak of its soil.

“Again, the terms, ‘Type, Pattern, Exemplar, Model, παράδειγμα,’ have been used as in some degree synonymous with Idea, since they imply that, according to which any result or product is perfected. This may be illustrated by the conception of an artist working according to a pattern, or ideal in his mind; and thus, a Praxiteles in forming a statue embodying all that is lovely in the female form, or a Fra Angelico, in realizing his supposed vision of the beatified Virgin, might be said to have an Idea in his mind, which was the ‘standard’ according to which he judged of female forms; the ‘pattern’ according to which he worked; and the ‘ultimate end’ which he had proposed to himself from the beginning, and had guided his labours throughout. Though we may say to the artist, as well as to the philosopher, in the words of Scripture, *And look that thou make them after their pattern, which was shewed thee in the mount.*—For the demand is here no less than that of giving a living presence to that, of which all the forms within our experience are but approximations; and if, therefore, such ideal types can be *contemplamina* for the human mind, they must be derived from a higher source, and more excellent birth-place; and whether we look to the works of nature or to the Ideas, which actuate man in his strivings, and become for him the ultimate aims that guide his endeavours towards perfection in his acts and deeds, we cannot but admit that the end and aim are present, and contained in the intention and design at the commencement, predetermine the means to their attainment, and secure the result. Such then is an Idea; and we may describe it as a causative principle, combining both power and intelligence, containing, predetermining, and producing its actual result in all its manifold relations, in reference to a final purpose; and realized in a whole of parts, in which the Idea, as the constitutive energy, is evolved and set forth in its unity, totality, finality, and permanent efficiency.

“In the ensuing discourse, an attempt has been made to determine the import of Ideas, in connexion with the powers of nature, as a scheme of living forces; and the term has been employed to designate those energetic acts of Omnipotent wisdom, which, as laws of nature, *formæ formantes*, are at once creative and conservative of a nature, ever changing, and yet ever essentially the same. If we contemplate them as thoughts of the Divine Intelligence, they are Ideas, the archetypes and pre-existing models; if as acts of the Divine Will manifested in nature, they are laws. But the student, in humbly raising his apprehension to the Supreme source of Ideas, must never forget the Divine Unity, nor the identity therein of unerring Intelligence, which transcends choice, and of Omnipotent Will, causative of all reality, in eternal act transcending all pause of deliberation. In surveying

the works of nature as the impress of Perfect Wisdom, which is Almighty Power, and whose thoughts are acts; no breach of unity may be conceived in the design and realization, and we can only say that the will of God is,—at once actualized, and in one act identifying originative power, final intention, and completed reality, in its highest perfection of being. God does, and then sees that it is good; for that which is done, can be only the reflex of the perfect agent.

“Although it would be here out of place to attempt to reconcile the discrepancies of commentators on the Platonic Ideas, enough, it is hoped, has been done, in evolving the essential character of a law of nature, to rescue the speculations of Plato from the opprobrium of extravagance, even of absurdity, which has been too often imputed to them, and to vindicate, as far as sound philosophy may sanction it, his doctrine;—that Ideas, *iδέαι*, are the eternal types, *παραδείγματα* in the divine mind, according to which, and the principles, *ἀρχαί*, by the efficiency of which, all things became; and which Ideas, infused into the human mind, and recognized by a sort of recollection, it is the business of philosophy to bring into distinct consciousness. St. Augustine has with better wisdom, indeed, assigned a more sufficient cause than memory for their presence in the minds of men, in saying: ‘*Credibilis est quia præsens est eis, quantum id capere possunt, Lumen Rationis æternæ, ubi hæc immutabilia vera conspiciunt, non quod neverant aliquando et oblitis sunt, quod Platoni vel talibus visum est.*’ For, in truth, it is a statement of the Christian doctrine, that the Word, by whom all things were made, is essential light and life to his creatures;—πάντα δι αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο, καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἔν τὸ γέγονεν. ‘Ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἡν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἡν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.

John, ch. i. ver. 3, 4. As a farther exposition of the same doctrine, we offer the following definition by Coleridge: ‘That which contemplated objectively (that is, as existing externally to the mind), we call a Law; the same contemplated subjectively (that is, as existing in a subject or mind), is an Idea. Hence Plato often names Ideas, laws; and Lord Bacon, the British Plato, describes the laws of the material universe as the Ideas in nature. *Quod in natura naturata lex, in natura naturante idea dicitur.*’ And it is in accordance with this truth that I have endeavoured to show in the following Address, that, as all within the sphere of our sensible experience bears the character of the transient and fluxive, it is only by the aid of the Reason, *φῶς τὸ ἀλήθευτον*, that we are enabled to look beyond and deeper, to discover the laws which gave permanence and regularity, to discern the eternal Ideas, which are the regulating types and standards of a nature ever tending to lapse into the imperfect and arbitrary, and to raise ourselves to the contemplation of the true causes, the divine acts themselves, which, in our experience of the sensible world, are hidden under the veil of the unreal and perishing representatives of the realities, from which they are derived.

“Lastly, if the Author has succeeded in drawing the attention of the student to the import of Ideas, and in exhibiting their importance in aid of a dynamic method of a philosophy and science of nature, he cannot better conclude this prefatory address, than by a passage from Schelling, in the language of Coleridge: ‘The highest perfection of natural philosophy would consist in the perfect spiritualization of all the laws of nature into laws of intuition and intellect. The *phænomena* (the material) must wholly disappear, and the laws alone (the formal) must remain. Thence it comes, that in nature itself the more the principle of law breaks forth, the more does the husk drop off, the *phænomena* themselves become more spiritual, and, at length, cease altogether in our consciousness. The optical *phænomena* are but a geometry, the lines of which are drawn by light, and the materiality of this light itself has already become matter of doubt. In the appearances of magnetism, all trace of matter is lost, and of the *phænomena* of gravitation, which not a few among the most illustrious Newtonians have declared no otherwise comprehensible than as an immediate spiritual influence, there

remains nothing but its law, the execution of which, on a vast scale, is the mechanism of the heavenly motions. The theory of natural philosophy would then be completed, when all nature was demonstrated to be identical in essence with that which, in its highest known power, exists in man as intelligence and self-consciousness; when the heavens and the earth shall declare not only the power of their Maker, but the glory and the presence of their God, even as He appeared to the great prophet during the vision of the mount, in the skirts of his divinity."

Such is the glorious scheme of schemes,—such the divine system of systems,—which the Oration before us presents and illustrates. It proves that the discoveries of science, so far from their being in general the offspring of a generalization from particulars, oftener originate in observations apparently trivial and accidental, in occurrences sudden and unexpected, frequently in the pursuit of fanciful analogies, or in the trial and rejection of arbitrary hypotheses, and are the result of a mind excited to react upon its experience, unsatisfied with the hitherto adopted connexion of facts, and their want of unity, and its inventive and originative powers thereby roused to enlarge its apprehension beyond the perspective which its own mechanism implies: and hence the discovery of any great law of nature has uniformly the character of felicity, and of a revelation, as by a flash of divine light, of the legislative wisdom of the Creator. It calls upon us to reflect on the exquisite harmony of all surrounding things, and the coherence of all to the *Kosmos*, to the order and beauty of the world, and to raise our apprehension to the creative Thought and Energy, which produces and sustains, contemplating the Wisdom and Power which framed the worlds in those energetic acts, ideas, or laws, which constitute the divine operance.

"But," exclaims Mr. Green, "shall we say that man, by any faculties that he dare call his own, can comprehend, or apprehend, the infinite power and wisdom of Deity? I shrink from the temerity and rashness of such an assertion. My position is this:—Man finds, in examining the facts of his consciousness, and as the essential character of his rationality, the capability of apprehending truths universal, necessary, absolute; the grounds of which being underived from, must be antecedent, and presupposed in order, to experience:—man finds in himself the capability of inferring the reality of that which transcends his sensuous experience, and of contemplating causality, efficiency, permanent being, law, order, finality, unity:—man finds in himself the capability of apprehending, in a world of relations, the supra-relative; in a world of dependencies, the unconditional; in a world of flux and change, the immutable; in a world of imperfections, the perfect:—man recognizes in himself, as the privilege and need of a rational mind, the capability of enlarging his thoughts to the universe, infinite as the omnipresence of God, 'upholding all things by the word of his power'; the capability of raising his mind to the Supreme, as the Absolute Will, causative of all reality in the eternal plenitude of being. And it is in meditating on the conditions and cause of this capability that man becomes conscious of an operance in and on his own mind, of the downshine of a light from above, which is the power of Living Truth, and which, in irradiating and actuating the human mind, becomes for it Reason;—yea! which is the revelation of those divine acts, at once causative and intelligential, which he recognizes as first principles, ultimate truths, as ideas for the human mind, and constitutive laws in nature. It is by virtue of this Reason, that we hear the voice and legislative words of the Creator, sounding through the universe; and it is in the sabbath stillness of our intellectual being, when the busy hum of the world is hushed, that the strains of this divine music penetrate the soul attuned by meditation to move responsive to its harmony!"

The method of such a science, it is stated, must be *dynamic*;—that is, by contemplating Nature as a scheme of causes and laws with the connexions, and in the unity, of reason.

The theory, in which these principles are now, and were formerly illustrated by Mr. Coleridge, is liable to much misapprehension. This point may be well illustrated by a passage from a clever piece of criticism, which appeared in *The Sun*, of Sept. 5, 1834, on the ORATION delivered by us at the Russell Institution, on the death of Coleridge. We had given a specimen of Coleridge's Conversation, in which the departed sage asserted that—

"Nature is rather an appetite to be, than Being itself. Nature is essentially imperfect, and all her tendencies are (so to speak), 'to supersede herself.' Thus, the fin of a fish is a hand, but without the uses, it only serves as a fan; but there it shows that an imperfection has begun to be *felt*: and which imperfection is removed, more or less, in a higher scale of creatures. Nature is the opposite to God, and accordingly God can not be seen *in* Nature; but all things are distinguishable by contrast only; and, therefore, by means of Nature, the idea of its opposite may be evolved, which is God. Now God is a Spirit. It is between these two opposites of Spirit and Nature that there is an antagonism, and which, as existing in man, explains the principles of his structure."

Whereupon the critic proceeds to say, that—

"History, whether sacred or profane, does not inform us that fishes' fins have undergone any change in their formation since the Deity, on surveying all his works, pronounced them 'very good'; and we hardly believe that naturalists will allow a human hand to be better formed for swimming amid 'a world of waters' than the scaly substitute here pronounced imperfect. At all events we are of opinion that in nothing is the imperfection of Nature so little manifest as in her admirable adaptation of the structure of every species of creature to its locality, and means of procuring subsistence. Physically considered, all species of creatures are, of their kind, alike perfect. Some, it is true, are lower in the scale of being than others, but the difference manifests order of gradation, not imperfection.

"Neither is the doctrine of the opposition between God and Nature less liable to be disproved. The antagonism of Spirit and Matter in man, proves nothing, unless we reject the doctrine of the Fall, and its accursed consequences, which was an act of mind, not of matter. If all that is corrupt in us is the inevitable result of the disobedience of our first parents, and if that corruption is capable of purification, how can Nature, which ever works the will of God by means of His attributes, be His opposite? The whole passage is an ingenious delusion. The opposite to Nature is not God, but nonentity."

To this passage, Mr. Green's statement of the theory impugned furnishes a triumphant answer, demonstrating dynamically that what the critic calls the Order of Gradation, is relatively an Imperfection of each degree, as compared with a higher and the highest form of developement, and nothing less. According to that statement, the system, the view, advocated by ourselves and Coleridge is one "which, making us feel most, and most clearly understand the dependence of all law, order, permanence, beauty in Nature, on a Power higher than Nature, is the most favourable to religion, and the feelings that arise out of religious truths, and its author trusts that this effect will rather be aided, than interrupted, by contending that powers are manifested on their opposites, light on darkness, order on comparison, beauty on indistinction—the Spirit of God on the faces of the dark waters, and the controlling Word of God on a blindly striving, but divinely coerced and directed, Nature."

We recollect well Coleridge once saying, that Nature, governed by laws, was only, and noneother, than the devil in a strait waistcoat. Nature ever working the will of God indeed! The Laws *in* Nature do, but the Laws *of* Nature (if such be) do not. Nature in herself is at war both with herself, and man and God—but the Laws *in* Nature are spiritual—nay, divine; for they are, verily, the syllables of that Word by which Nature is controlled and

informed ! The doctrine of the Fall of Man is, that, by an act of will, and therefore by a spiritual act, Man brought himself within the limits of that Nature which needs controlment and information ; if, indeed, that Nature herself be not the result and mirror, or reflexion, of that very mysterious act of disobedience, and no more ! This last is the sole problem remaining, which can only be solved by whatever may serve to demonstrate that human perception has also its correlative in independent Being. Whether as a reflexion only, or a thing in herself, she, nevertheless, serves one and the same end, that of counteracting, by external Evil, the operations of internal sin, which, originating in man's separation from God, tends still to a wider breach, and would effect it, if not providentially driven back by the opposition of physical pain ;—pain that, by reason of the laws that coerce her, Nature is compelled to inflict, and must inflict until the period of the Redemption of the Body and the Revelation of the Sons of God, spoken of by St. Paul ;—a period when man being obedient, not rebellious, shall contemplate obedience, not rebellion, in whatsoever may serve either for the medium of reflexion, or be the reflexion itself.

Mr. Green requires of the student that he should cultivate natural science, not merely for the phenomena and particular facts which it presents, however interesting in themselves, but as they are the workings and manifestations of Laws, and the revelations of Reason and of Will. Banishing hypotheses, fictions, and arbitrary assumptions, he must consider Life as a Law —assigning to it a perpetual antecedence to all the sensible phenomena of animation,—and as a measure common to all its agencies and particular manifestations ; and in that very conception of a Law, implying it as a power anterior (in the order of thought) to organization, which yet it animates, sustains, and repairs,—a power originative, and constructive of an organization, in which it continues to manifest itself in all the forms and actions of animated beings.

Physiogony, or History of Nature, properly studied, exhibits every order of living beings, from the *polypi* to the *mammalia*, as so many embryonic states of an organism, to which Nature from the beginning had tended, but which Nature alone could not realize—to exhibit Nature as labouring in birth with man. “ In each stage of the ascending scale of living beings we see, with evidence increasing directly as the ascent, at once the opposition and the harmony of the two great tendencies which must be regarded as the main factors or constitutive agents in this great work of Nature, namely—that of Nature tending to integrate all into one comprehensive whole, and, consequently, retaining each part, and, as in vegetation, building upon herself ; and on the other hand, the tendency to individuality in the parts, and for this purpose the *nitus* in each to detach itself from the preceding or to supersede them, now by building the new edifice out of the materials of its more rude predecessor, and now by destruction, as one who, by the force of the vault, should crush the platform from which he had taken the spring. Hence the states, which the individual passes through in all the epochs of its embryonic being, and which having been, disappear, are preserved in Nature, and maintain the rank of external and abiding forms. And thus the aim of Physiogony is to present the history of Nature as a preface and portion of the history of man, the knowledge of Nature as a branch of self-knowledge.”

“ History has for its subject actions, and the results and products of powers in action : but actions imply or suppose a Will, a Purpose, and must be interpreted by desires, motives, tendencies, by a something at least analogous to purpose, will, desire, and which can only be rendered intelligible by a reference to these as known in ourselves. But Physiogony, or the History of Nature, has for its peculiar subject the activity of productive powers, or the sum and series of those actions of which the facts and phenomena of Physiography are the product—under the rule that the product of every

given power is to be received as the measure of its force and the index of its direction. If Natural History, then, be not a misnomer, an erratum in the nomenclature of science, it must be either the history of Nature assumed as an agent, or the history of a plurality of productive powers considered severally as agents, but which taken collectively are called Nature, in the active sense of the term; just as the collective products and results are called Nature, passively understood. The same reasoning applies to the immediate subject of these remarks—the investigation of the significant forms of organization, contemplated as so many Types or characters impressed on animal bodies, or into which they are as it were cast. Now Types and characters, variously yet significantly combined, form a visual language. The Types of Nature are a natural language, a language of Nature. But a language is as little conceivable without reference to an intelligence, if not immediately yet ultimately, than a series of determinate actions can be imagined without reference to a Will; and a consistent and connected language no less supposes intelligence for its existence than it requires an intelligence for its actual intelligibility. And though the language should not, like conventional language, stand in opposition to the things intended, but be one with them, this would prove nothing more than that it was not a language only."

The divisions of Cuvier's *Règne animal*, presents to us a scheme of the ascent of animal life, "as indicative of the law regulating the series of developments of organic beings,—of a law, which may be discovered in all the manifold varieties, diversities, and richness of the productions of Nature; in all preserving a unity in diversity, a plan and method in the seeming irregularities and even sports of this productive fertility. The resulting forms of animal life present not a plan which we can consider as the effect of any arbitrary combination, or of a regularity imposed upon Nature by the human fancy or understanding;—it is neither a scale, nor a ladder, nor a network; it is neither like the combination of a kaleidoscope, nor the pattern of a patchwork; it is no process by increase or superaddition:—but it is, as in all Nature's acts, a growth, and the symmetry, proportion, and plan arise out of an internal organizing principle. This gradation and evolution of animated Nature is not simple and uniform; Nature is ever rich, fertile, and varied in act and product:—and we might perhaps venture to symbolize the system of the animal creation as some monarch of the forest, whose roots firmly planted in a vivifying soil, spread beyond our ken; whose trunk, proudly erected, points its summit to a region of purer light, and whose wide-spreading branches, twigs, sprays, and leaflets, infinitely diversified, manifest the energy of the life within. In the great march of Nature nothing is left behind, and every former step contains the promise and prophecy of that which is to follow, even as the oak exists potentially in the acorn; and if Nature seems at any part to recede, it is only as it were to gather strength for a higher and more determined ascent."

The theory here propounded, when properly understood, recognizes not as an objection the assertion that in Nature all things are alike perfect. It grants that each individual creature, considered singly, and in relation to its powers and its circumstances, may be perfect, but contends that in relation to some one or more ends of the whole system of animal life, the perfection must needs be as the development. The whole chain of ascending life presents, in fact, but so many embryonic forms of the animal man. The human form is the ideal type to which they all tend.

"All the *phænomena*," says Mr. Green, "of organized Nature, from the zoophyte to the creatures that connect, as by intermediate links, the fish with the *mammalia*, are to be regarded as the gradual evolution of life into sensibility,—which process is completed when the power of sensibility shall have become central and predominant, and have manifested itself in a peculiar structure forming a connected system in itself—in other words, as soon as there exist a brain and spinal cord with abducent and adducent nerves

distributed throughout the organism, so as to be manifestly the superior and governing power of the system;—so, and on the same grounds of reason, we must regard the *mammalia* as a process in which, through a variety of forms, Nature is experimenting the different proportions and possible harmonies of the three powers in relative correspondence to circumstances of soil, climate, and habitation, then in reference to the various pursuits, in which one class supplies an object of desire to another, next in correspondence to the free established appetites of the different classes; but likewise, and lastly, as an increased perfection in itself, as measured by its more or less perfect adequateness to the first great principle, from which we have deduced organic Nature, and to which we must now bring it back,—the principle, I mean, of totality and absoluteness which Nature aims at in the whole, and of which, therefore, we must seek the measures in a right comprehension of the points that constitute the perfection of a whole, and its comparative excellence.

" Now we know that every whole, whether of a plant, an animal, or a planetary system, indicates a greater power as its producing cause, in proportion as the parts are more numerous, yet at the same time more various, each having a several end, while yet the interdependence of each on the other, the subordination of the lower to the higher, and the intimate union of all in the constitution of one, shall be perfected in an equal proportion. But as it has been shown before, that every whole that is really such,—and not the creature of accident, as a pebble for instance, or where the wholeness subsists merely in the percipient, as in a heap of corn or the types of a printed sentence,—that every actual whole is but the result or (to borrow an illustration from the convex mirror) the projected image of some antecedent principle, the unity of which is exclusive of parts,—there is yet another mark of advancing perfection, namely, when this partless and therefore necessarily invisible unity is itself represented by some visible and central product, to which all the various parts converge, and which therefore represents in respect of power that which the total shape or exterior exhibits in respect of sight and sense. These, I say, give the canons by which the comparative interior perfection of every whole or *integer* is to be measured. But every finite integer has likewise external relations, and here the canons of measurement are obvious, namely, the comparative emancipation and independence of the *integer*, from the alien external powers, and its comparative superiority over them, and power of commanding them;—these two being connected by an intermediate faculty, or facility, namely, that of adapting itself to its external relations in the greatest variety, and under the greatest change of these relations. The first is a negative superiority of the animal over Nature, and of itself can never rise beyond diminished dependency. Thus the amphibious animals are comparatively less dependent than the fish, which can exist only in one elementary habitation. Actual independence of Nature would exclude the animal from the system altogether: it could neither exist as a point in a circumference, nor yet as a centre in itself, to which all other Nature formed an endless series of concentric circles. Yet as long as it is a dependence for its own purposes, and not for purposes external to itself, and while it is connected with choice, or an *analogon* of choice, selecting what it can assimilate, and repelling whatever would interfere with its processes, this dependence in the physical sense of the word becomes independence in the moral use. And when, in addition to this, a power exists of using external Nature as an alien, of using what it neither assimilates nor admits, this is more than independence, it is sovereignty.

" In applying these rules to the higher animals, to all namely in which the three powers or functions of life, reproduction, irritability and sensibility, not only co-exist but co-exist in a subordination of the former two to the third, we shall soon be reminded of a truth to which I directed your attention in a previous lecture, the existence, namely, of a variety of classes

evidently not essential to the system of Nature in the Idea, but to be explained as parts of a process hereafter to disappear, and consequently arising from the absence of some other result hereafter to come, or if come, yet from its imperfection and immaturity incapable of exerting its appropriate influences. And here it is that we are met by the principle of variety, or the tendency to multiplication of forms, to which comparative anatomists of the greatest celebrity so often appeal in the lower orders, the zoophytes, *mollusca*, and insects, but without explaining the fact by any higher principle;—this same principle, but in a more intelligible form, again presents itself in this last stage of our investigation; and I venture to assert that it admits of no other explanation than in one or other of the two following modes, or perhaps in both conjointly. The first we have already described under the bold but justifiable language of a natural experimenting, as if Nature were learning what harmonies of functions could exist under different ratios of sub- and co-ordination, what the resulting character of the whole would be, and what the resulting type or physiognomic expression of this character. Nor are the products of this experiment without their justifying use: the same absence of the creature, which implies this experimental process in order to the completed type of the same, requires these temporary orders of animals, as proxies and vicegerents in the performance of those lower ends, by which a bound or limit is placed to the multiplication of yet inferior life,—and by which, it may be added, the health of the creation is preserved, which would be endangered by the excessive multiplication of any one kind, not only in reference to the other classes of animals, but to the kind itself so multiplied. The other is that variety of type, instead of being measured, as in all the orders of animals hitherto, by evidences of ascension in the scale of life, admits the application of a canon of progressive perfection only to a small number of the *mammalia*; while the rest must be contemplated as a degradation, or, to use the language of crystallography, as decrements from the human, assuming the human form as the ideal type of the whole class. In short, in all those classes or *genera* of the *mammalia* which would remain, and which could not without derangement of the universal *organismus* be lost, even when men, and men in the full prerogatives of humanity, shall exist in all the climes of the earth, and shall every where have civilized and humanized nature—in these, I say, the former scale of gradual ascent will still be demonstrable; but the rest can be considered only as mutilated and imperfect copies by anticipation of the human, to be measured, not so much by what is possessed in each, as by what is wanted, and by the necessary influence and modifying effect of the latter on the former,—even as in the human being, that which would have been perseverance and fortitude, if a proportionate power of comparative judgement had been added, by the mere absence of this gift degenerates into brute and dogged obstinacy."

This is beautifully stated—but Mr. Green does not leave the subject here; he proceeds to argue that "entire intelligibility can only be given to the system of Nature by an insight into an ultimate end, to which all preceding ends must be regarded as at once means and approximations,—that this ultimate end of organic nature is presented in the achievement of that sensibility, and the subordination of the two inferior powers thereunto, by which the animal exists from itself, in itself, and, though imperfectly, for itself—and that in order to the full presentation of this ultimate end, Nature must not only feel, but must know her own being. Now, this position is the same as to assert that a mind must be added to life, and consequently, that a transition from life to mind, at all events to a state in which it shall be receptive of mind, must be assumed—a transitional state, a life still retaining its essential and distinctive characters as life, but participant of mind. And in a process of such deep importance, the last step to the consummation of all that we still might dare call Nature, it may be confidently expected that even the beginnings, the nascent or initial quantities, will be marked or re-

vealed in some appropriate fact or phenomenon. Now I affirm that this indifference, or intermediate state of life and mind, is given in the Passions. For I know no other definition of a passion as distinguished from a mere appetite (though I have looked into the numerous disquisitions and essays on the passions, from Descartes downwards) but this:—That a passion is an affection of life having its immediate occasion, not in things, but in the thoughts or judgements respecting the things. This definition, which I offer with considerable confidence, is however, I scarcely need say, a definition of the passions in their completed form; though even of these the *mammalia* will not be found deficient in striking examples, such as the vanity of the peacock, the jealousy so amusingly displayed in dogs, the rage, which animals of the feline kind connect with both the appetites,—and our friends the phrenologists would assist us to multiply instances. But these are the branches of the tree; we must go lower to the trunk, and learn to contemplate passion as the common ground of all the passions; and this ground, or passion in its unity, may perhaps be defined as a Predisposition influencing the volitions, pursuits, and acts of an animal, derived from its total life and from the obscure half-conscious sense of the same in its own character. For the life of every animal doubtless has an individual character of its own, though it may not be possible to designate it by words, or rather though the animal itself is the true word, the only appropriate and untranslateable exponent. In this, I repeat, I find one great character, and I might add end, of the *mammalia*; and here, too, the peculiar connexion of the *mammalia* with man is still preserved. We find here the base of those mighty agencies by which man, in the minority of his humanity, is impelled and governed, and which, even in his highest state hitherto realized, have not yet come to be superfluous: the Reason, which has conquered them, has taken them into the household as useful and even needful servants, though out of that household, like the wild dogs and cattle of the uncivilized earth, they are among the most dangerous of wild beasts."

We must pursue the details of this subject in a future number.

THE PRESENT STATE AND PROSPECTS OF EGYPT AND PALESTINE.*

To those who are at all interested in the progress of the human race towards that ultimate perfection which prophecy, religion, and philosophy assure us is allotted to suffering man, the consideration of the present state and prospects of Egypt and Palestine must be a subject capable of demanding the most painful attention. Countries are these, in which aforetime have been achieved those great and noble triumphs which have enabled us to assume the position we now occupy; and countries are they, undoubtedly destined to be the stage for the enactment of the closing scenes of the mighty drama. That all mankind are now advancing towards a common centre, and not as heretofore travelling in eccentric lines leading any where or no where, is obvious even to the grossest apprehension. No portion of the human race is standing still; but all are in motion, and striving with one consent. Religion, which was sunk in lethargy, has awakened, and is working with amazing energy. Philosophy, which had decayed into a lifeless name, has revived in a manner at once startling and complete—their aim the emancipation

* Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean, including a Visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Rhodes, Tellmessus, Cyprus, and Greece; with Observations on the Present State and Prospects of Egypt and Palestine, and on the Climate, Natural History, Antiquities, &c. of the Countries visited. By W. R. WILDE, M.R.S.A., &c. &c. 2 vols. Dublin: Curry, 1840.

of humanity from the thraldom of Mammon and unrighteousness. An impatient discontent hath spread among the nations—a discontent with the present condition of mundane things, and a yearning for something which shall better satisfy the cravings of a nature, celestial although fallen. What does all this portend? Somewhat of evil, but much, much more of good!

Egypt, one of the first nations that tasted the blessings of civilization, and one of the first which fell from that high estate into an almost hopeless barbarism, has lately aroused from the sleep of ages, and, through the exertions of a single man, has assumed an importance that not only arrests the attention of the most unobservant, but materially affects the destinies of nations who had long blotted her out of their remembrance: and all this has been effected by a poor Albanian soldier, who, in the slave markets of the country he has rescued, was once sold as a slave—a man uneducated, unassisted, save by his own strong purposes and surpassing genius!

Unfair, ungenerous, and most ungrateful is it to cavil at the deeds of a man, such as we have above described. He had a mighty task in hand, to accomplish which his means were, at the beginning, wretchedly inadequate, namely, the regeneration of a country so debased, that the hope of raising it appeared desperate. But in what he attempted boldly, he succeeded beyond expectation; and the whole world has rung with the fame of the Egyptian ruler.

There is one action of Mohammad Alee's with which every one is acquainted, and on which every body is ready to pronounce a judgement. We refer to his slaughter of the five hundred Memlooks, a race of men too powerful to be subdued by any force he could employ against them, and who were determined to resist all the improvements he wished to introduce as innovations. Yet, although this deed can never by any sophistry be justified, much may be alleged in extenuation. It was not so much an act of free-will on the part of the viceroy, as a deed dictated by necessity. Either he was to give up the thoughts of regenerating Egypt, or else remove, by some means or other, the Memlooks, who had for a great number of years oppressed and degraded her. Unable to overcome them by legitimate means, he resorted to treachery, and, under cover of hospitality, committed perhaps one of the basest murders on record; thus, at the expense of fixing an indelible stain on his own character, releasing Egypt from a set of merciless tyrants, and laying the foundation for her future prosperity. Knowing that these men were the millstones about the necks of the Egyptians, which prevented them from taking their proper station among the nations of the earth—knowing that while these men existed, Egypt would remain, as she then was, "*the basest of kingdoms*"—knowing that, if the power of these men was once broken down, he should be at liberty to execute the vast schemes for the good of his people which he had conceived—in short, knowing the Memlooks to be the curses of the land, it was a hard choice that was presented to Mohammad, when to act honourably would bring nought but defeat and disaster, while the contrary line of conduct promised advantages so incalculable to all. Any man, if asked whether he would have acted as Mohammad did, if he had been in the place of the Egyptian viceroy, would pause ere he answered in the negative. It is one of those deeds which we can neither justify nor declare could have been avoided: but it must be confessed, that if ever the end can sanctify the means (a doubtful matter at the best), it did so in this case. Is not this dark necessity for one wrong act, so continually haunting all who would elevate their fellow-men to a higher standard than they had hitherto reached, a most poignant proof of the innate depravity of our nature, which obliges us to combat treachery, oppression, and violence with their own weapons?

The progress which Egypt has made under this great man is wonderful. The arts and sciences flourish under his patronage; and now all the mysteries of gas, steam, and lithography are not only known, but are subjects of

familiar conversation in the Egyptian capital. He sent, at the expense of the state, a number of boys to Europe to be instructed; and not satisfied with that, he has erected and endowed colleges and schools at home. He has erected dock-yards, arsenals, and manufactories;—has organized an effective army and fleet, and, in short, has made Egypt rise, like the fabled bird of old, from her ashes.

Such being the present condition of Egypt, works containing any information concerning that ancient country cannot fail of being acceptable. The beautiful work of Mr. Lane gave the world much insight into the customs and manners of the modern Egyptians; while the portions of Mr. Wilde's "Narrative," which relate to Egypt and Palestine are intensely interesting. Mr. Wilde's style is easy and flowing; just such an one as is calculated to set off a relation of travels; and his investigations are carried on in that spirit of candid inquiry which rather seeks for the elucidation of the *real* truth, than the establishment of any particular dogmas. The chapters of his work relating to the city of Tyre, we can also mention with especial praise: but, as Christians, we feel wedded to the scenes of the events narrated by the sacred writers—Egypt and Palestine.

Mr. Wilde is, apparently, an advocate for a literal interpretation of the prophecies contained in the Bible. So are we: but we hold that they are capable of receiving a spiritual interpretation likewise, upon the principle that the physical world is but a shadow of the spiritual, and that all done in the one, is typical of what is doing in the other. If the Scriptures promise the restoration of the Israelites to the holy city—to Jerusalem, then they likewise promise the restoration of mankind to their original purity, of which the other is but an emblem. Every prophecy shall be fulfilled in the letter and in the spirit. Every revolution in the affairs of the world, is a stage in man's spiritual progress; and the rise and fall of empires mark the transition from one stage to another. Such a transition, we are convinced, is now about to take place;—the battle of Waterloo closed a cycle, and the whole world is now thrown into the throes and convulsions of a new birth. Says Mr. Wilde:

"That the age we live in is one fraught with interest, and hastening us towards the dawning of great events, is a fact the most apathetic and indifferent must admit. The theatre on which these coming scenes are likely to take place, is one on which were enacted deeds the most wonderful that ever swayed the destinies of mankind. Knowledge is running to and fro in the world; and 'tidings out of the east and out of the north,' are already beginning to trouble us. War is bursting out upon the frontiers of British India; Persia, urged on by Russia, is exhibiting a front that neither her inclination nor her power could warrant; the different independent, but hitherto friendly states of Hindostan, are conniving at, and in some instances offering assistance to powers aiming at Indian possessions; the Burmese are gaining daily strength and knowledge, wherewith to meet the soldiers of Europe with their own arms and their own discipline; China, impressed with the state of degradation to which our traffic has brought her, is threatening the very life and existence of Anglo-Indian commerce; and we have daily proofs of the weakness and instability of the Turkish empire, and the general breaking up of the Mohammedan power."

What is all this but the sign—the first distant rumbling of the coming storm? Empire is fast passing into other hands, and man is fast approaching another phase of being. Who cannot mark in England, which may be now said to be the metropolis of Europe, that supineness, that inactivity, that stagnation of enterprize and speculation, ever the precursors of great changes, moral and political? It is a crisis.

Europe is, itself, in a state of quiet; from Asia come the black clouds now hanging over our horizon. We may roll about in our carriages, squabble in our senate, and forget our danger—but it will surely come: for nations are

rising where before there existed none,—rising in such a manner as to excite unpleasant anticipations for the future. Meantime, at home, we let the children of genius who could save us, languish with hope deferred; because the benefits conferred by them are not of a nature to be seen, heard, handled, tasted, or smelt!! Methinks we are in danger of realizing the fable of the sleeper, who slept until to awake was useless.

The state of Palestine is now excitiv of attention. For years had it ceased to have any political existence, and the chosen land was almost forgotten. Under the debasing sway of Turkey, it remained a blank in the history of mankind. Finding in it no security for life or property, but few travellers visited it; and those who did, represented its condition to be most lamentable. It suffered equally from the tyranny and the weakness of the Turkish government, which had strength sufficient to oppress the people and deprive them of the fruits of their industry, and yet lacked the vigour of defending them from the hordes of Arabs who people the surrounding deserts. At length, however, it was drawn into notice by Bonaparte's invasion of Syria, and his celebrated siege of Acre, in the defence of which British valour was so conspicuously displayed.

It has now, by Mohammad Alee's conquest of Syria, fallen under his influence, and he has already caused so many reforms to be made in the administration of its government, that the traveller can at present with complete safety bend his steps towards the Holy City. A large portion of Mr. Wilde's second volume is filled with speculations on the past and future state of Jerusalem; and his reasonings being based upon the positive declarations of Scripture, would be hard to refute. And why wish to refute them? We prefer, however, in the first place, to deal with Mr. Wilde's personal experiences.

Concerning the identity of the tomb on Calvary, we must agree with Mr. Wilde, that we are bound to receive the tradition of sixteen centuries, especially where no improbability appears against its validity, and no positive proof can be alleged to the contrary. The devotion of the pilgrims who visit the holy sepulchre is, according to our traveller, almost frantic. Says he:—

"On many of my visits to this place, particularly at an early hour in the morning, when but comparatively few pilgrims were present, I was greatly struck by the sincere and devotional feeling exhibited by many who slowly and reverently approached the altar on their knees, with tears of sorrow running down their cheeks; when sighs and stifled groans were the only sounds that broke the stillness of those moments, save the tinkle of the piaster, as it fell into the money-tray of the attendant-priest, who alone among the group remained unmoved. At these early and tranquil hours, I have watched the aged and weather-beaten pilgrim here bowed to the earth, and mothers prostrated around the place, offering up prayers, directed, I doubt not, by the promptings of their hearts, and with silent tears, presenting before the altar their little ones, who gazed with mute astonishment and childish sympathy at the parent, but not venturing to break the silence, or interrupt the solemnity of the scene by their innocent prattle. These were absorbing moments, and different from the scenes I witnessed during the more public and crowded hours, when hurry, bustle, and confusion, added to the vast concourse of people, rendered the approach to this place almost impossible."

But the Christian pilgrim cannot regard the Holy Sepulchre with more ardour and emotion, than the outcast Jew experiences, when he beholds the promised land of his forefathers. He feels for it more affection than the Gentile does for his native soil, and lives in the daily hope of being restored to the long-lost heritage.

"No matter," says Mr. Wilde, "what the station or rank; no matter what, or how far distant the country where the Jew resides, he still lives upon the hope that he will sometime journey Zion-ward. No clime can

change, no season quench, that patriotic ardour with which the Jew beholds Jerusalem, even through the vista of a long futurity. On his first approach to the city, while yet within a day's journey, he puts on his best apparel; and when the first view of it bursts on his sight, he rends his garments, falls down to weep and pray over the long-sought object of his pilgrimage; and with dust sprinkled on his head, he enters the city of his forefathers. No child ever returned home after long absence with more yearnings of affection; no proud baron ever beheld his ancestral towers and lordly halls, when they had become another's with greater sorrow than the poor Jew, when he first beholds Jerusalem. This, at least, is patriotism."

Yes, we can imagine the exiled Hebrew returning with a heart heavy and sorrowful to the city where his forefathers had dwelt in power, happiness, and splendour—yes, even we can picture him, although we have never breathed the air of Palestine. Perhaps it is an old man, on whose brow rests the snow of many winters—whose cheek is furrowed by many a care, which only the exiled—the despised—the outcast can know, who now approaches with weary steps the beloved Jerusalem! As the aged sire beholds the city of David spread at his feet, no longer a princess among the cities, but the abject thrall of a foreign foe, her children dispersed as wanderers over the face of the earth, and her streets tenanted by strangers, he rends his garments, and overpowered by the heart-racking emotion, sinks on the earth to weep over the fallen greatness of his nation. That heart—which had long been steeled, perforce, in the ways of the world, in which the hardness of the wanderer's lot had apparently dried up all the tender springs of affection and emotion—is opened once more when he beholds the city sit desolate, that was full of people! He thinks, as he views her, of the abject state of a race erewhile so highly favoured, but who now roam through every clime, without finding a home in any—whose fate has been for ages past to have their good deeds depreciated, and their evil magnified—to be oppressed by the mighty, and only saved from total extinction by the riches they have possessed.

Yet even for the poor Israelite there has remained one comfort, and a great one—they have the promise of Him whose words are never vain, that their sorrows shall not last for ever—that their heritage shall again be restored to them—that they shall again worship their God in the land of their fathers! It is the hope that this time is not far distant which has supported them in their arduous pilgrimage—which has prevented their spirit from wholly sinking under the constantly increasing burden of woes they have had to sustain for so many centuries. "Hope," as Mr. Wilde says, "is the principle that supports the Israelite through all his sufferings—with oppression for his inheritance; sorrow and sadness for his certain lot; the constant fear of trials, bodily pain, and mental anguish; years of disgrace, and a life of misery; scorned, robbed, insulted, and reviled; the power of man, and even death itself cannot obliterate this feeling."

That this continual yearning of the Jews towards Palestine, is planted in them by a Divine Providence, and is intended to serve wise purposes, will not admit of a moment's doubt. These extraordinary people have not been, for so many ages, kept apart from all other nations for nought—they are reserved as instruments in the hands of the Lord. Hitherto they have been living witnesses of his verities; a continual reproof to the unrighteous among the sons of men.

It is plainly enough declared in the Scriptures, that the Jews shall be restored; and we must say that many obstacles which stood in the way of such a consummation, have been lately removed. It was necessary in the first place, that Egypt should be rescued from barbarism, and Judea from Turkish indolence, and both of these objects have been partially accomplished. Mr. Wilde says, "that never was such a large concourse of Jews known to be at Jerusalem as there is at present; but this may be the effect of Ibrahim's repeal of the law which restricted the number of Jews residing

in that city to 300. For the first time, too, since their expulsion, the Jews have been allowed to possess as their own, land in Judea ; and never in any country did they enjoy more privileges and immunities than they do now in Palestine under the auspices of Mohammad Alee."

It cannot be expected that, in a periodical of this nature, we should enter into Mr. Wilde's elaborate consideration of the prophecies concerning the Jews and Egyptians ; but this much we will say, that he has shown they are all in a course of gradual accomplishment in the physical world ; to which we add our affirmation, that they are in like course of progress in the spiritual. We are swiftly advancing towards the goal, and we shall not stop until it is reached.

Mohammad Alee is one of those brilliant lights which sometimes rise up even in the most debased lands. It remains for time to show whether the reforms he has effected in Egypt will take firm hold, but whether they do or not, the amazing genius of the man must be acknowledged. We think, however, that it would be inconsistent with the wisdom of Providence, if such a man were only raised--

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Having been enabled to do thus much, in spite of impediments that might have cowed the bravest spirits, his exertions, surely, are not here to be stopped. Nay, we believe his name will yet be ranked among those few who are remembered as saviours of their countries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dodd's Church History of England, with Notes, Additions, and Continuation.

By Rev. M. A. TIERNEY, F.S.A. Vol. III. London : Dolman, 1840.

We have here the third volume of this interesting work, which brings down the narrative to the end of the reign of Elizabeth, detailing, with great and praiseworthy moderation and fairness, the events of that varied period ; the plots of the oppressed Catholics ; the penal enactments against them ; the Armada invasion, during which their loyalty was so conspicuously displayed, and the renewed persecutions with which it was so ungratefully rewarded ; the factions and disputes among the Catholics themselves ; the character of the sovereign, her personal appearance, abilities and temper, and a singular paper relative to her death from an inedited M.S., the statement of Lady Southwell, one of her maids of honour.

The volume, like the preceding ones, is enriched by a mass of valuable information, evincing the industry and research of the learned editor, which throws much light upon the events recorded, and affords points of view most favourable to a correct judgement upon them. The whole maintains the same accomplished and zealous, but mild and dispassionate character, alike honourable to Mr. Tierney, and the important history it elucidates. It is a work that no impartial inquirer ought to be without, as, in its absence it is impossible to form a just or competent opinion of the question it involves. It merits the serious attention of the honest and generous of all parties.

The last volume has related, and deprecated in becoming terms, the persecutions levelled at the Reformers, and, in this, we have the complement of the story in the touching account of the suffering inflicted on both sexes who adhered to the ancient religion of their fathers ; a religion which had been that of a large part of civilized Europe for ages ! hallowed in the hearts of its professors by the love which attaches to the venerable and the consecrate ! by the life of many a saint and sage, hero and martyr ; by sweet associations connected with all the household charities ; by the faith which bound for them, as in a golden circlet, the remote and glorious past, the trying present, and the hopeful future. The violence and ferocity of the Catholic party, in the reign of Mary, is here fully equalled by similar wickedness in the reformed. Penalty, and torture, and death, are plenteously imposed by those who seceded from the old church, on the ground of conscience, which, as justly

should have shielded the Catholic from all injury, as it was made their defence by those who passed over to the new. Justice, humanity and Christian charity were as recklessly violated by the Protestant, as by the Catholic before him, and if the acts of some members of a religious profession are to be taken as criminating evidence against the entire body, then must the reformed Church bear the damning and accursed character written in records of blood and agonizing tears—of tyrant, savage and murderer. But we will not be so unjust as many of our bigoted and inconsistent countrymen. Not upon the *faith* of these contending parties should the stain of such crimes be fixed. The love and charity, which the common religion of both so beautifully inculcates and enjoins, repudiates it, and to the blindness and fierceness of the age, and the evil spirit that the struggle engendered, it should be more justly ascribed. Let us rightly understand and pity, and as Christian men forgive (as we trust it has elsewhere been forgiven) this sad departure by both parties from the heavenly lessons of mercy and forbearance that their respective creeds taught. "Charity," as Wordsworth wisely says, "is the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages or the present time."

The polemical is unsuited both to us and to the impartial spirit of our periodical, which, as our readers know, seeks to establish a ground on which all parties may meet, instead of throwing them into hostility with each other. The dogmatical differences of the two churches are regarded by us as totally beyond our sphere, nor will we employ the materials which this work supplies, to make an assault upon the established church, or to affix a permanent odium (however much after their own fashion) on many of its preachers. To criminate and condemn is not our object; to moderate and pacify is our duty. To those among the clergy of our establishment (whose names in a kindly feeling we suppress), who have of late displayed a spirit of rancorous bigotry and unchristian warfare towards those of the Catholic church, we beg to recommend a *practice* of the obligations of that creed which they profess. We are willing to believe them sincere in their pretensions to the possession of the true Christian doctrine, although their conduct has been strongly at variance with the Divine injunctions it breathes. They are honest, we are eager to hope, in their desire (to quote one of their favourite phrases with no scornful feeling) of "winning souls to Christ." But as they value their own characters, as they venerate the sacred faith they are attached to, as they have an awful foresight of the great day of account, we beg them to cease from the systematic and slanderous attacks on their Catholic brethren. The religion of *Love* is to be advanced by *loving* means. The true creed should be adorned and recommended by a charitable and Christian demeanour, and all the graces and charms of that system, which was founded by the Prince of Peace, and disseminated by the apostles, should be the harmless, but victorious, weapons which the *sacred* hand alone should wield. Let there be no contest but this, namely, who shall most approximate to the divine standard that has been given. Let them show that they do not make a mockery of the words, which they teach the young and innocent child in their schools, so sweetly in accordance with the "heaven that lies about us in our infancy"—"to live in charity with all men."

PROGRESS OF BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The British Librarian, or Book-collector's Guide to the Formation of a Library in all Branches of Literature, Science and Art, arranged in Classes, with Prices, Critical Notes, References, and an Index of Authors and Subjects.
By W. J. LOWNDES, Esq. London: Whittaker and Co.

Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, used to spend much of his time in looking over the *backs* of books in the royal library. The King one day observed him at this amusement, and said, "Doctor, I wonder what benefit you can derive

from merely perusing the covers of these volumes." The Doctor, according to his own confession, was not much inclined to "bandy arguments with his sovereign," yet he ventured to return this oracular response with something more than his usual gruffness: "Your Majesty, be it known unto you, that knowledge is of two kinds—first, knowledge absolute; second, knowledge relative, or the knowledge of where knowledge may be found. It is this second species of knowledge which I derive when perusing the backsides of your Majesty's books."

Such was Dr. Johnson's fondness for *bibliography*—the science of sciences, the knowledge of where knowledge may be found, or as he defines it in his dictionary, "the science of a man skilled in the knowledge of books." But let not the innocent reader suppose that Johnson's love of the backs of books deprived him of his relish for their contents. On the contrary, the same veritable Bozzy informs us, that he had a special knack of rapidly discovering their intestinal merits. Once, for instance, the Doctor was seen to devour a large folio during the five minutes of leisure that preceded a dinner in the house of a nobleman. Being asked what he was about, he rejoined, that "tearing out the bowels of a folio," gave him a special appetite for replenishing his own.

But jests apart, the bibliographer is the chartist—no, the chart-maker, the map-maker to the world of books. He lays down the Mercator's projection, whereby we safely traverse the hills and the vallies, and penetrate the anters vast and deserts idle of the paper universe. He teaches us to steer safely and pleasantly through every Scylla and Charybdis of erudite botheration; and under his guidance we boldly set sail on the Atlantic ocean of science, and rest not till, like Columbus, we have discovered new hemispheres, and tasted the golden apples of the Hesperides.

We regard bibliographers with profound reverence, interest and attachment. None better than they deserve the recompense of society. If *useful labour*, so advocated by the Utilitarians of the Westminster Review, is ever to receive a prize—the bibliographer is the man that shall win it.

We speak not ignorantly or unadvisedly. Even from the days of our hot youth we found the absolute necessity of bibliographical learning for any man who would be a scholar, and a ripe and good one. For some years our favourite reading consisted of the huge bibliographical works in Latin, German and French, that we could get hold of. And as for English, every thing in the shape of bibliography that has flourished for the last two centuries we tasted, swallowed and digested with the utmost avidity. Do we repent it? No. These bibliographical works contain the cream and quintessence of the greatest achievements of the human mind. The titles of books are, in fact, the definitions of long trains of thought; by them you find exactly what subjects have been most discussed and most disputed; every developement of human genius is there accurately sketched in connexion with the circumstances of time and place. Aye, from the mere catalogues of booksellers have we learned more wisdom than we could ever glean from any individual authors whatsoever.

It is unnecessary to mention here the huge bibliographical works, and dictionaries of bibliographical works, that have appeared on the continent during the last three centuries. The Germans and the French have particularly distinguished themselves for their diligence in this respect.

In Great Britain, though bibliographical science did not manifest itself so early, our literati have not failed to contend for the palm. Scholars of all ranks, from bishops downwards, have been eager thus to illustrate the treasures of literature.

But as bibliography is essentially a progressive science, growing with the growth of general literature, it has been far more productive of late years than before. Such immense accessions have been made to our store during the present century, that we now want a bibliographical dictionary of bibli-

graphical works, in order to show the book-hunter where he may seek for information.

Among the authors who have of late years distinguished themselves in British bibliography, we may mention the names of Nicholls, Watkins, Upcott, Horne, Orme, Dibdin, and Watt, author of the *Bibliotheca Britannica*. But to none of these gentlemen are we more indebted for their literary exertions than we are to Mr. Lowndes. Two or three years ago this accurate and industrious author published his *Bibliographer's Manual*, in four volumes 8vo., in Pickering's Press. This consists of an alphabetical account of the principal treatises published in Britain, with notices. Its practical utility has placed it in the position of a standard national work, and it is found in every extensive library. Mr. Lowndes, not content with this contribution, embarked in a more extensive undertaking. Knowing the Dibdin's Library Companion, Goodhugh's English Gentleman's Library Manual, and other similar volumes, were considered very defective, he resolved to supply a better.

So far as we can judge from a careful examination of the first eight parts of Mr. Lowndes' *British Librarian*, we can safely recommend it to our readers as a work of solid sterling value. It is far more complete than any thing of the kind that has yet appeared among us, and as such will be duly appreciated by all book-collectors and book-reviewers. Its fault, if any, rather consists in noticing too many than too few works on the various subjects classified; but this is a fault on the right side, and probably arose from the author's desire to please all orders of readers.

If ever literary patronage, on which we have so earnestly written, revives in this country, such authors as Mr. Lowndes will be more justly rewarded than is possible under the present selfish and sensual fashion. The march of intellect is decidedly taking a very queer turn; and while singing the song of "getting up stairs," is to our thinking pretty palpably getting down:—*So mote it not be.*

Historic Sites, and other Remarkable and Interesting Places in the County of Suffolk. By JOHN WODDERSPON. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

This is a very delightful book, in the style of William Howitt—the biographical portion is exceedingly well written. We can besides commend it equally to the topographical and the historical reader.

The Arabs in Spain; an Historical Narrative. 2 vols. Churton. 1840.

We have here a popular work on this very romantic portion of history, with which the reader will be pleased for its elegance, and which the student will prize for its accuracy.

Botany: Ralf's Analysis of the British Flora. Longman & Co. 1839.

We have much pleasure in noticing this little work, which will prove an invaluable assistant to the young student, and, from its extreme facility, will encourage many of our fair country-women to acquire such a knowledge of our wild plants, as will add greatly to the attraction of rural life, a most important consideration, since not only the simplicity of a woman's character, but even her health and beauty, depend so much upon an, at least occasional, residence in the country. As an introduction to Botany, the Linnæan system has long enjoyed a deserved preference amongst us, though it still leaves many difficulties to be encountered, which the numerous works, hitherto constructed upon it, furnish no help for surmounting. In fact, its very facilities, and universal adoption, have been the cause why in England nothing further has been attempted; whilst the far greater difficulties lying in the path of the continental botanists, who commence their studies with the natural system, compelled their teachers to devise some easier and more practicable mode of detecting the genera and species. Hence originated Lamarch's dichotomous method, which Mrs.

Marcet so happily compares to the game of Twenty-four. It proceeds by a series of contrasts, and presents, successively, pairs of *opposite* characters, one of which, as often as may be, is the *peculiar* and *essential* distinction of one of the genera or species. In this way of exhaustion, and by more or fewer steps, according to the number of the genera or species with which it has to deal, it leads the inquirer, with the strongest probability of success, to the right name of a plant, and thus quickly places him on that 'vantage-ground, where the science of botany truly and properly begins.'

It is the object of Mr. Ralf's book to connect, for the first time, this method of Lamarch with the Linnaean arrangement, and thus to remove from the system, which alone is suited to a learner, every remaining difficulty. To this analysis, which forms the body of the work, he has subjoined a shorter one of the orders and genera of the natural system—with references to the former part, for which the more advanced student will thank him. The remainder of the volume consists of a neat Preface, which sets forth its necessity and advantages, and explains its use in the fullest and clearest manner, and of an Appendix containing a Glossary—concise, yet comprehensive and sufficient for every practical purpose. This book, we predict, will supersede all the minor Floras, and, at the same time, be most useful as a key to the larger ones. We have already remarked how desirable a possession it will prove for the student, especially we would add as a companion in the field; but we would recommend that the next edition should be printed in smaller type, and thus adapted to the waistcoat pocket or a lady's reticule. We would express our hopes, that, as our fair friends can now take their first lessons in botany with so much ease, they will not rest satisfied with a bare knowledge of the names and arrangements of plants—and still less will venture to become florists at the risk of becoming ridiculous from the lack of such knowledge, as necessary in this case as the acquisition of its alphabet for obtaining the most superficial smattering of a foreign language. For a lady to talk of flowers, without knowing their names or relations, seems to us of a piece with the absurd practice, common with half-educated women, who attempt to sing Italian songs, of whose meaning they are profoundly and, perhaps, in many cases, happily ignorant.

A Descriptive Tour in Scotland. By T. H. C. Brussels: published by Hauman & Co. London: by George Whittaker & Co. 1840.

This is a very lively book, and illustrated copiously with lithographic engravings. It is dedicated to Thomas Colley Grattan, and appears to be the composition of a scholar and gentleman.

The Juvenile Historical Library. By JULIA CORNER. London: Dean and Munday. 1840.

This is well adapted for youth, schools, and families; and is designed to comprise the history of every nation in the world. Six parts are already published.

Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Third edition, edited by his Son. London: John Templeman. 1840.

This is a judicious and elegant reprint of a work which, many years ago, we read with great delight and instruction.

Meddlings with the Muse. By J. A. SIMONS. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1840.

Lyra Eboracensis; or Native Lays. Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1839.

These are two volumes of verse—the last contains some good poetry, containing a brief historical and descriptive sketch of the ancient city of York, from the conquest of Severus. Local poetry *ought* to interest us more than it does.

The Universal Tendency of Association in Mankind analyzed and illustrated.
By JOHN DUNLOP, Esq. Houlston & Stoneman. 1840.

Of this excellent work we meant to give an extended review—we now can do no more than commend it. On the subject itself we shall, ere long, probably venture an article—when we shall be glad to quote several passages from this well-written volume.

Milton's Paradise Lost, with copious Notes, explanatory and critical, partly selected from the various Commentators, and partly original; also, with a Memoir of his Life. By JAMES PRENDEVILLE, B.A., editor of *Livy, &c.* Holdsworth. 1840.

Old Ebony has fallen foul of this book without much reason, and certainly without any rhyme. The memoir of Milton's life is admirably executed—the text is generally correct—though a few accidental errors have crept into it—and the notes, though confined to classic sources of illustrations, are judiciously selected. We doubt not that it is an edition of Milton which will be valued. Of course we have in our mind's eye, an ideal possible edition of the works of this great orb of song. But such an one we may attempt some day ourselves—and then shall—must—be dissatisfied with it.

The Record of Family Instruction in the Spiritual Doctrines of the Holy Scripture. London: Goyder.

The aim of this book is to show that the scheme of Swedenborg facilitates a philosophic interpretation of the letter of Scripture. We should rather call such interpretation a scientific one—since it proceeds, according to the little volume before us, by analysis and negation, rather than by synthesis and affirmation. This method is perplexed with difficulties, inasmuch as it subjects the letter to apparent contempt. Hence, the writer says, “When Jehovah God is seen in the spiritual sense of the Word of God, it is neither as descending nor ascending in space, nor as writing with his finger upon stone, nor as riding through the atmosphere upon cherubs, nor as flying upon the wings of the wind, but as wholly devoid of all the properties which belong to space and time.” If we proceed in this negative series, we must describe Deity at length as devoid of being also—and, nevertheless, as the source of being. Yet how the source of being, and of space and time, if not inclusive of all these, and whatsoever they contain? Better, then, to affirm prophetically of Him as the Eternal and the Infinite, and then proceed synthetically to show that time and space, *in themselves*, are identical with Eternity and Infinity, and that Being and Intelligence are so essentially correlated and interpostulated as not even to be conceived separately. Being, and time, and space, and all that they inherit, are then the words and expressions, the symbols and exponents of Deity; and thus the language of Scripture above negated, will become affirmatory of the Divine idea, however figurative. The sense of man ought perfectly to represent the conscience of man, as the law of God producing and uttered in the spirit of man; and so it was evidently under the Old Testament dispensation, while all expression flowed synthetically, and before analysis was thought of. The author before us approves of the allegorizing of Origen, and some early fathers—nor would we be too severe on fancies honestly excited in the illustration of the highest verities. Nevertheless, we prefer the symbolic production of the verities themselves—and are very anxious that the symbolic and allegoric should not be confounded. The spiritual meaning of Scripture is better brought out by the symbolic than the allegoric method. It is accordingly more satisfactory, while the latter strikes even its professors as arbitrary and somewhat capricious. Thus for any one of the correspondencies of Swedenborg frequently no better reason can be given than that “it is so, because it is so!” It is found to hold good in a great number of instances—perhaps in all; there-

fore it is probably right. Science may be satisfied with this—but philosophy demands an undoubted intuition of every truth that it acknowledges. We much wish to recommend to this class of inquirers the affirmative methods of philosophizing—being ourselves very much of opinion with some American students that the works of Swedenborg constitute a literary phenomenon which have not been sufficiently studied. They will, however, lose much of their value, unless submitted to the test of the affirmative method of philosophizing—and we do think that the writer before us is eminently qualified for such an undertaking. We will render every assistance to such minds in the pages of this magazine—for we are utterly ashamed of the philosophical poverty of our land and time.

The Hand-Book of Health. Mitchell, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

We can recommend this conscientiously, and believe that if its directions are followed, the health of the individual may be preserved. The directions are simple and so easily intelligible as to be generally available.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

We are desirous of drawing attention to "The East India Steam Navigation Company," started for immediately establishing a line between Suez and Calcutta. The largest steam vessel will be sent out without loss of time, and it is proposed to build seven steam ships, of tonnage and power applicable to the route by the Cape of Good Hope, in case of any interruption through Egypt, thereby precluding the possibility of any impediment to carrying out the proposed measures of the company. It is stated, that the number of passengers annually passing between Calcutta, Madras, and Ceylon, and Europe, may be taken at 2500 to 2600, but this number may be calculated on being considerably increased, if we are to judge from the increase which has taken place by locomotives on land, or steam navigation with America and the Continent, while the facility which will be afforded of conveyance from port to port in India will naturally tend to augment the income of the company.

THE GREEN ROOM.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

Jessonda; a Grand Romantic Opera, in Three Acts. By GEHE. The Music by L. SPOHR.

Iphigenia in Tauris; a Tragic Opera, in Four Acts. The Music by GLUCK.
Faust; a Grand Opera, in Two Acts. By BERNARD. The Music by L. SPOHR.

Der Freischütz; a Romantic Opera, in Three Acts. By F. KIND. The Music by CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

Don Juan; a Comic Opera, in Two Acts. The Music by WOLFGANG MOZART.

Fidelio; a Grand Opera, in Two Acts. The Music by L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

The Templar and the Jewess; a Grand Romantic Opera, in Three Acts, from Sir W. Scott's Novel of Ivanhoe. The Music by H. MARSCHNER.

Das Nachtlager in Granada; or, a Night in Granada. A Grand Opera, in Two Acts. The Music by CONRADIN KREUTZER.

Kosciusko, Der Alte Feldherr; or, The Old General. An Operetta, in One Act.

Euryanthe; a Grand Romantic Opera, in Three Acts. By HELMINA VON CHEZY. The Music by KARL MARIA VON WEBER.

Titus; a Grand Opera, in Two Acts. The Music by MOZART.

At this theatre, Mr. Bunn is engaged in a manner which is at once

creditable to himself, suitable to his capacity and beneficial to the public. The German Operas placed at the head of this article have all been performed with great beauty and power on the part of the performers, without the aid of scenery or machinery, so that they have had to depend altogether on their music and the manner of its execution. This is as it should be, and sufficiently demonstrates that the dramatic art needs not tawdry spectacle—but that poetry and music, having to do with great ideas and strong feelings, are sufficient of themselves. Let them be trusted home. Thus occupied, Mr. Bunn will redeem himself with the judicious, and his character will emerge from the calumny which has tainted it, and the slander of which he complains. It is well, too, that we should have the opportunity of comparing things German with things Italian. The libretto of these operas is very good, and it is most excellently translated. Mr. Schloss is indeed a most exemplary publisher. Whatever he undertakes is done well.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. C. Kean's Macbeth.—How highly we esteem the drama, and what we demand of its professors, is, by this time, tolerably well known. We have not yet noticed Mr. Kean's re-appearance on these boards, because the characters in which he acted were all old assumptions, the degree of merit belonging to which was generally enough well understood. Many styles of acting are allowable, and many grades of merit may be admitted. Edmund Kean had no greater admirer than ourselves, and though the son cannot claim all his father's originality, because he is not his father, yet we are frequently reminded of his manner, and impressed with tokens of similar vigour. We are too desirous of seeing many capable of taking leading parts in tragedy, to concur in the too frequent practice of sacrificing all other actors to one. The influence of tradition is too much indulged, both on and off the stage. The *Macbeth* of Mr. C. Kean is not that of Mr. Macready, and this is saying something—and not a little in its favour. We were not altogether pleased with the performance of the first act—but with the dagger soliloquy and subsequent scene we were satisfied. The banquet scene was natural; and the last act terminated the play with spirit and stirring effect. The *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. Warner was superb; and of Mr. Phelps's *Macduff* it is saying little, that it is the best that ever came on the stage. Justice will not be done to this actor until he be permitted to perform leading business again. Without any fault on his own part, this excellent actor, by the basest managerial manœuvres, has been successively degraded to the lowest possible point, but has as often risen by the force of his own genius, which will, at last, place him at the highest. He may depend on every help we can give him to assert and reassert his merits, until at length it shall be beyond the power of any "conceiver of harms" to do him injury, or even put him in peril.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

POESIES IN FRANCE.*

I. PARIS.

CITY of Saturnalias! Hail to thee!
The light blue Seine, like stream of joy is flowing
Within thine heart, and sunny skies of glee
Hang over thee like love looks; winds are blowing

* The beauty of these Sonnets, notwithstanding their strong political feeling, induces us to insert them.—ED.

The fever from thy brow, as if with fanning
 Of eastern maidens ; and all flowers of gladness
 Gem thy long hair ; and what if thou in madness,
 A loveliness in passion, fired with banning,
 Didst tear a crown from off thy temples high,
 To wear a wreath of scorpions in its place ;
 Yet with their own vile poisonous stings they die,
 And soon will olive leaves those temples grace,
 Braided by Science, Liberty and Peace,
 With the *Immortelles* whose blooms never cease.

II. THE BOUQUET.

Small, sweet bouquet of flowers ! a song for thee
 From that wee Pandean pipe from whence there gushes
 The loved short noted sonnet's minstrelsie,
 As briefly shrill as wind amid the rushes.
 I would not hymn thee here in strange French land
 If thou wert wreath'd of fair magnolia blooms,
 Or rose-tinted cammelia's from the strand
 Of the brown Japanese, whose love builds tombs,
 For them of imagery beautiful
 With hand-wrought poesie, which gilds the dull.
 No, hushed my pipe had been to thee, but that
 Thou wert of blooms which graced my own girl's land ;
 Of blooms which we had language made, for what
 Language was made for—love, and converse bland.

III. LIBERTY.

Oh Liberty ! thou never canst be bought,
 Nor sold ; not even seas of blood can buy thee :
 As France shouts out !—But 'tis by heart and thought
 That thou must be created.—Let me try me,
 By pen, and lyre, and voice, and picturing,
 To give thee birth within each glorious heart
 Of sage and poet, patriot and lover,
 Painter and doater on imagining ?—
 For if thou once art born, like work of art,
 Thou ne'er canst die, but hoverest like a plover
 Around thy young, the green, green earth thy nesting ;
 And though rulers and ruled like rebels hover
 Upon thy flight, and banish thee from resting
 In earth's high temples, as the goddesses
 Of Love and Wisdom—Venus dear, and Pallas
 The thoughtful browed, and beautiful with tresses—
 Of fair old Greece were banished from their shrines ;
 Yet still, like them, thou wilt return in glory
 To all the world as well as classic Hellas :

Gilding each column'd vase, and sculptured story,
With all the light of heavenly sunshine,
With all the Elysium of love divine,
For other altars of each creed are gory,
And thine will bright be when their dust is hoary.

IV. CITY WARBLINGS.

I was in Paris, in the *Rue de la Harpe*,
In a small room, with ages past and coming,
When by my window heard I bird-notes sharp,
Meanings like words in octave tunings summing ;
And I look'd out and saw a spreading cage
From neighbouring window full of feather'd singers—
Canaries sunny—linnets green, the ringers
Of voice-like bells. And full of sweet love-rage
The poet finches:—but awhile mine eye
Was looking on, a free bird of the air
Flew to their cage, and tapping famously
With his small bill, said, “ Fly to the fields and dare ;”
And then, methought, I'd imitate that bird
Until the caged-up human souls had heard.

J. G. B.

LOCKE'S METAPHYSICS ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN'S SOCIALISM.

REFERENCE has already been made in the pages of this Magazine to the inconsistency which exists between the religious and philosophic faiths current in the country. The Christian religion recognizes the responsibility of man to his Creator. It accounts him criminal for every transgression of the Divine law. It requires from him an entire submission of will and understanding to whatever is sacred and lovely, and attaches to an opposite course of conduct the penalty of supreme displeasure. From all this no exception is made in favour of any specific class of men, or of any particular district of the universe.

Necessarily does this creed presume for its basis, the presence of a divine law in the breast of the human being himself. A law which, though within man, is nevertheless distinct from him. It is by the operation of this law that remorse is, in almost every instance, attendant upon sin. The culprit feels that by his evil dispositions and actions, he has offended a power which is essentially at variance with them. Were no law of goodness present in the heart, remorse could not supervene upon the demonstrations of iniquity, since, in the absence of such law, there were nought for iniquity to offend.

Christianity, then, so far as the obedience or disobedience of man is concerned, contemplates only the relation which exists between the creature and the law of the Creator, as it is promulgated in the conscience of the former. It enters into no consideration of outward agencies. It treats of God's relation to man in the same way that philosophy treats of man's relation to the universe. And, indeed, it is most

consistent with the foremost rank assigned by the Supreme to humanity, predominant as it is over nature and circumstance, that it should rather be held culpable for permitting their disorder, than excused by its existence.

The presence of the divine law in the human breast has been an instinct to man in all ages. There is not a reproof administered by a parent to a child, not a trial undergone by a prisoner, not a sentence executed on a malefactor, which does not presume the violation of a righteous internal principle. For, if no such inward monitor were in being, the perpetration of the most fatal deeds would be the exhibitions of a nature intending no wrong—nay, even unconscious of wrong. For we could not be conscious of wrong unless there were a right with which to contrast it.

Nor can the right to which we here allude be the result of any outward instruction. Otherwise it were, surely, a good plea,—that the accused had been deficient in opportunities of learning sound doctrine; or that his parents were immoral characters and educated him in sin; or that he was deaf and could not hear precepts, and that his friends were too poor to have him instructed to read them. All which might, in many instances, be proved, but would never be received by a human tribunal as a justification of any offence against the moral law. And why not? Because it is felt, that however unfortunate an individual may be as to education, position in society, or character of associates, none of these can either create or destroy the power which admonishes him, that to act from love is to act well, and to contravene it, is to act ill. “Love,” say the Scriptures, “is the fulfilling of the law;” and love abides in every heart, and through the conscience asserts its claim to sovereignty. Once banish the internal law from the soul, once banish the sacred sense of goodness,—and redemption is an impossibility. For what arguments on behalf of religion could meet with response from a breast devoid of religion? Vice cannot apprehend the appeal of virtue. Virtue’s self must be present to interpret them and to use them as outward auxiliaries to the subjugation of the rebellious soul.

Strange, indeed, are the mental phenomena which illustrate the present era. We have a religious creed based on the facts of the divine law’s promulgation in the heart through the conscience. A law which emanating from the Supreme power, is no less akin to wisdom, than to love, and from the operations of which come not only truly pious dispositions, but expansive views, and intelligent perceptions. And yet in connexion with this faith is encouraged a system of philosophy directly contradicting its radical tenets—a system of philosophy which refers the doctrines of the mind and the feelings of the heart to the operation of external circumstance.

We have the anomaly of a Christian prelate rising to denounce in the parliament, necessary *conclusions of premises* which are insisted on in the text-book of the Universities.

We venture to state, emphatically, that Locke’s theory is the groundwork of Owen’s practice, and the most obnoxious dogmas of his school are fortified by the arguments of an author whose name has unfortunately become almost synonymous with that of English philosophy.

For if, as Mr. Locke contends, there is nought save deduction from the outward to form the character, man is necessarily dependent for it upon the accidental connexion which he holds with objects in the universe. And as it was not given him to choose this position, should it be associated with all that is most vicious, it is clearly a misfortune which entitles him to commiseration rather than to censure. And when the influences of those dark agencies which surround him shall have manifested themselves in the most atrocious enormities of conduct, he is a being on whom the state should rather bestow indulgence, than inflict punishment, and compensate him by some mark of its favour, for the hardships of a sin-rocked cradle.

But in the absence of all inward teaching, the distinction between good and evil is utterly unattainable. By what authority is any one action characterised as superior to another, unless by an authority resident within the actor, and prior to the objects on which it adjudicates? Do we live in the circle of the benevolent, and do we feel that its deeds are deserving of our love? On what grounds do we venture to award to the benevolent man an approval which we withhold from the selfish man? Is it merely because we have been externally taught that benevolence is to be valued? We think not. But if so, who taught our instructors? Is it replied—their ancestors? Then who taught them? who, in one word, taught the first outward instructor? It must be answered an inward one. And that spirit which taught man once, teaches him ever. The power instructing one instructs all. In this essential particular all men must be identically constituted. We may admit variety in trifling external particulars. One nation may excel in arms—another in arts—a third in morals; yet shall their common affinity as men be unequivocally manifested. Pure as alabaster, and veined as with silk, shall be the brows of one race; hued with blended crimson and olive those of another; ebon, like the night, those of a third. Yet shall there be nought to conflict with the great fact of common brotherhood. But once admit that God has uttered his everlasting law in the conscience of one man, and not in that of another, and two species are created—not a variety of one. An order exists which is man, for God has endowed it with the sense of good, and with the instinct of holiness. And an order exists, which is neither man nor beast, like man in form and stature, unlike him in nature and prerogative. An order the slave of accident, but accountable for conduct. Powerless to direct its course, yet responsible for every erring step; uninstructed like the beast with its limited capacities, yet punishable as the man with his infinite ones; a thing disgraced, because without light to guide it, and cursed with a vacant immortality. No, the supposition is monstrous. God hath originated all men of the same elements, and leavened all being with one privilege—the privilege of his law—to hallow it. In proving, then, that *one* man has existed who must have been inwardly taught, we prove the fact for *all* men.

Now let us not be misunderstood, or mis-stated. We have had experience of the aptitude of some minds to torture every assertion which they dislike to a meaning of which it is not legitimately susceptible. When we contend for the presence of the Divine Law in every being,

we do not contend for the perfection of the being in which the law abides. For, as it is by the unresisted operation of the law, through the work of the Mediator, that man is saved, it is also by disobedience to the law that man is condemned. Strange, dear and familiar reader, mayst thou think it, that we should point out distinctions so obvious. But if thou marvelllest and art half indignant that we, apparently mistrusting thy judgement, should elaborately guide it where aid seems not requisite, yet be content to bear with us, while we provide against the ingenuity of rancour, or condescend to the weakness of prejudice.

Our reasoning for religion as an *a priori* reality, will apply, by analogy, to poetry and philosophy. In the sphere of the former we should be incapable of deciding as to the beautiful, and in that of the latter, as to the true, were not beauty and truth the inward standards by which the relation of all objects to them is tested and decided. Also, if this be not the case, it is sufficiently plain that our notions of the excellent in art are entirely arbitrary. It is, then, mere caprice to assign Shakspere a higher rank than Lilly, or to decree Claude a pre-eminence over a village sign-painter. If we prefer—what is the ground of our preference? This—that we behold, in that which we most admire, the representation which best corresponds to our idea of beauty.

Be it that the juvenile or rustic critic approves more the frontispiece to a magazine of fashions, than the Venus of Titian; it must still be recollected, that although beauty is eternal, immutable, and identical in all, the perceptions which beauty generates are progressive, and even in the most gifted, immature. And as there is no doubt that man, although possessed of this great original, may reject it in favour of its representations in the outward, and by the sensual degradation of his nature may impede the developements of beauty in his own mind, the variety of tastes which exists as to the beautiful, is easily accounted for.

Yes! it is even true that in time the most advanced developements of beauty are crude and imperfect. But how far even in this sphere of sense-thralldom do the conceptions of the mind transcend its beholdings in the universe. That which is esteemed by us as most virtuous, or most lovely *here*, is only so considered with relation to the finite and the temporal. In the soul's dream of the state to come—the bourne of its toilsome journeyings—what shapes of excellent glory haunt it, before which earth's most luminous wane into dimness! Let the tourist, whose life hath been a pilgrimage from shrine to shrine of beauty, be asked to blend together, in one locality—the paragon of the universe—the varied charms of the choicest scenes he hath visited, and to accept this as a substitute for heaven. Let the man, who has been thrown into circles of pre-eminent intelligence and virtue, cull from them a peerless exhibition of humanity, and be required to accept it as the complement of the angelic nature. Would not such terms, in both instances, be disdained, and a long waiting for the far invisible be distinctly preferred to the brightest realization of the actual?

Thus do the mental conceptions and aspirings surpass all that is terrestrial, and surrender themselves to the contemplation of an ideal, which, as it excels all that is outward, the outward never could have

taught. For it will not be pretended that this ideal had its source in aught inferior to itself, and it would need an unblushing effrontery, which even the circumstantial philosophy would repudiate, to assert that the soul's visions of infinite goodness and beauty are derived from vibrations on the tympanum of the ear, and pictures on the retina of the eye.

Delusive and degrading as the theories are which have attributed a causal power to the external, we must, nevertheless, admit that they have been embraced by many eminent for exemplary and orthodox piety; and when we consider the sophisms which have been employed, and, doubtless, believed too, by the *à posteriori* teachers, there is little marvel that religious minds should have occasionally adopted subtle and insinuating heresies. For the materialists (which word we, not esteeming euphuism a virtue, when grave truths are at issue, use as a synonyme for Lockites) have avowed that—whereas the detail of our Lord's atonement, and man's contingent redemption, is a subject narrated by the Scriptures, and as the Scriptures cannot be received, except through the senses—our salvation is, therefore, essentially connected with outward agency. But if the Almighty has, in his infinite goodness, so provided against the guilty wanderings of his creatures, that, after having forsaken his inward teachings, they should be met in the external world with mementoes of the love which they have abandoned, it must not thence be inferred that such mementoes are substitutes for the operations of the Holy Spirit. It is true, that without the sacred records we should be ignorant of Christ's sacrifice, and destitute of the solace experienced in the contemplation of his unspeakable love. But it is not because the Most High has condescended to explain to us the glorious plan of redemption, that his divine purpose is more secure. In other words, we are saved by the plan, and not by its *explanation*. It will not be affirmed by any, that redemption supervenes upon the mere knowledge of our Saviour's death as *a fact of history*. No! there must be a surrender of the mind and heart to God, that the "same Spirit may be in us, which was likewise in Christ Jesus." It is thus that the atonement can only be made available by the inward operations of the spirit upon the soul.

Far be it from us to deal in vague speculation on sacred themes. But when we observe the way in which our Lord's sacrifice is made to obviate the necessity of conforming to our Lord's character, we deem it right to extend our suggestions somewhat beyond the ordinary limit of consideration. Piety, although doubtless it will hold doctrines, is not itself a doctrine. It is deeper than the deepest doctrine. It is uncreated by any doctrine. It is the authority for all doctrine. Not what we believe, but what we *are*, is the essential; although from what we are, should emanate the character of our belief. It is a fatal error to attribute to belief the creation of character—though of faith, it may be said, that *faith* is the essential character itself.

The death of the Mediator was the great condition upon which divine justice proclaimed an amnesty with rebellious man. There were terms, however, for man to comply with before he could be admitted to the benefit of Divine mercy. The terms were that he should lay down his arms. That he should surrender his will, his pas-

sions, and his pride—the instruments of evil—and receive from the holy armoury of heaven the weapons of a purer service. Religion, we say, is a fact of being. Yet how little is it so considered. The doctrinal—not the vital—is the characteristic of the day. Emphatic dogmas, and un-Christian feelings are prevalent to a lamentable extent in our Professing communities. Instances fall within our own knowledge of a pious ecclesiastic stating his benign intention of cursing the first Roman Catholic into whose obnoxious presence he might be cast—and of a feminine disciple, who avowed that she would subject her fair hand with less reluctance to the touch of a toad, than to that of a Unitarian. Believe us, reader, that where in earth's remote districts, an untaught heathen shall have faithfully acted out the injunctions of conscience in his breast, and shall have recognized in the generous emotions of his soul evidences of an universal goodness as the Creator of that goodness which is individual—*that* man shall be accepted by our common Father, through Christ's propitiation, rather than the loveless commentator on unrealized truths. We do not want mere pulpit-Christians, or mere church-Christians—or mere Sabbath-day-Christians—we want home-Christians—street-Christians—week-day-Christians—life-Christians.

Are we wandering from the argument? We think not: It is our design to show, that not only the enormities of the social theories, but the lamentable absense of vital religion from our orthodox denominations, is intimately connected with the doctrines of Locke and others of the *à posteriori* school. If Locke's assertion be true, that our ideas, whether of religion or philosophy, are deducible only from sensible objects, then certainly those ideas must have the largest measure of authority which approximate most closely to the objective world. And in pursuing out this system, it follows that, as the senses impinge upon outward objects, while the intellect is but remotely connected with them, the experience of the senses, as to what is good, must have more weight than the experience of the intellect. As for the moral feelings, they are so distant from the external universe, that they can scarcely be allowed any voice on the question. We perceive that our argument now involves an anachronism, inasmuch as if ideas be the results of objects, neither sense, intellect, or morality, have any power to adjudicate upon them, but it is only by hypothesising an absurdity that this doctrine is capable of discussion.

In making the senses, therefore, the arbiters of whatever is good, Owen has consistently adhered to the theory of Locke. With not quite so much fidelity to his dogmas, but with a fatal tincture of their influence, a portion of the religious world has assigned to its creeds a pre-eminence over every inward operation of God's spirit on the heart. The effect, in the one case, is a sensualism verging towards profligacy; in the other, an intolerant prejudice before which every christian grace is prostrated.

The immortality of the soul is manifestly undeducible from any external power. The Scriptures, it will perhaps be stated, furnish us with testimony upon this point. But the Scriptures, without an internal authority to recognize and establish their excellence, are clearly in the same position as every other object said to impress the senses.

The assertions of Scripture, as to that which is eternal, could never have received credence from a mere temporal being. But perhaps it will be urged, that we may infer from the rank which we occupy in creation, and from the extent and character of our acquirements, that a sphere of action is reserved for us proportioned to the superiority of our position. But be it remembered, that according to Locke's philosophy, we have no warrant to infer. We are the passive recipients of outward impressions, and have neither the right nor the power from those impressions to draw deductions. And (waiving this) who will say that immortality is a mere deduction or inference? The existence of the body is not an inference, but a *fact*. A touch, a sound, a sight, are all facts. What, then! shall the phenomena of time be unhesitatingly spoken of as realities, while the truths of eternity are the mere deductions of reason? Shall what is sensuous be treated as a questionless verity, and what is spiritual as a plausible hypothesis? Shall we be sure as to the corruptible, and dubious as to the imperishable? Never!

As by the capacities with which we are physically constituted, we feel our power to act as finite beings, so by the character of our psychical constitution, we feel our immortality. Of our being this is even an element, unproved, because transcending all proof, and too divinely a fact to permit of demonstration. We feel we are immortal.

We know that it is no easy task for *à priori* philosophy to explain the various mysteries exemplified in human history. That system which the Almighty authorized, He alone can interpret. But it will be found, that so large a portion of light will be delegated to every sincere inquirer, as to enable him to answer the shallow enigmas which the sensuous Philosophy is ever propounding, and the solution of which must terminate her dominion.

Amongst these riddles, none is more frequently or ostentatiously presented to the *à priori* reasoner, than the varieties of faiths, opinions, and manners current through the world. But it must be remembered, that what we said of beauty holds also as to conscience. Though conscience be unerring, as an inward monitor to the soul, yet the success of its training must greatly depend upon the conduct of the *pupil*. Whatever, in the worship of distant nations, is idolatrous, superstitious, or cruel, is no evidence of defect in conscience, although it be unequivocal evidence of our disobedience to its injunctions. It may be true, that the most impure rites are performed from a belief in their virtue and propriety; but never would such a belief have existed, if fidelity to the individual sense of right had been preserved. Whoever, as husband, brother, friend, cosmopolite, adheres strictly to the law of love incessantly suggested by the conscience, will soon forswear every mode of worship inconsistent with that law. Thus the blood-drenched wheels of Juggernaut's car, and the self-immolation of the widow on the funeral pyre, are but the illustrations of national defection from the universal intuition of goodness.

There is yet one argument of the circumstantialists, and the last to which there is necessity for allusion. It is an argument sought to be derived from the fact, that individuals who have been altogether exiled from society, have manifested few of the attributes incident to hu-

manity. Caspar Hauser's case is the one perhaps most frequently quoted. On the data furnished by it we are exultingly asked, "What becomes of man in the absence of social teaching?" "See, how completely he is the creature of circumstances." What, we return, becomes of beast, bird, or fish out of their respective elements? Simply this, that they do not exhibit the capacities of their nature. Yet, shall we be told that the ground engenders the power to walk—the air, the capacity to fly—the sea, the ability to swim? Assuredly not! Or, if you doubt us, cast a dead beast upon the earth, a dead bird into the air, a dead fish into the waters, and watch the results. Society is the element of the mind, the element in which it acts; the element which it agitates; the element which it commands—not the cause from which it originates. Alas! against what reasoners do we put lance in rest! And let it be borne in mind, that with respect to those who have been separated from communion with man, that we have neither right to pronounce on their emotions, nor to construe their actions. Both are mysteries rather for our reverence than for our exposition. The very vacancy which apparently exists may denote the plenitude of riches. It is beneath a sterile surface that the mines are found. Moreover, we find that Caspar Hauser, immured in his solitude, cut off from the universe, destitute of the various appliances to which men resort for gratification, enjoyed an instinctive peace, which was sadly contrasted with his later feelings, when more developed faculties imposed upon him the burdensome dignity of reason. Who shall say that this specimen of humanity—reflecting its back rather than its face in the mirror of the world—had not a face more beautiful by far than that of those who pitied it? What! compare one man's back with the faces of all other men? It strikes us as being scant equity. The soul of this poor unfortunate, if so you *will* call him, had a countenance, although you saw it not. Of an introverted position, it wore an inward aspect of loveliness which looked in upon love—not out upon the cold, dark earth. There was little expression in that outward eye, little faculty of speech to use those lips. Ah, well! Consider then this, dear reader! that as for charity, it oft evaporates in a slave-trade speech; tenderness gives its life so suddenly to the actor, be he of old Drury's or of some wider stage; virtue often contents itself with an oration on the just; and through these powers, which apprehend and express so well, the quintessence of our character escapes. Blessed, perchance, is he that hath no powers, as through valves, to let high qualities escape. For to make being is a process for which time is requisite. How do we spoil ourselves, by doling out in words our very being, which needed to have been consolidated, and then to have been represented.

But what we say in reference to this poor Caspar, is merely suggestive; we affirm nought. He is, or was, before his vulgarization, a deep mystery. Only there is as much opportunity for theorizing, *à priori*, on the matter, as for the reverse mode. Perhaps, after all, the circumstantial net has caught an inhabitant of the East, not famed for his tractability.

Nor must we be understood as claiming for Caspar Hauser's early position a superiority over the ordinary one of mankind. If it were

more peaceful, it was less enlightened ; and though the path to wisdom lead from the instinctive, yet a dignified sorrow is worthier than an irrational joy. The wise man, too, accounts all his trials but as lessons from the Supreme ; and rejoices in his education, of whatever severity it may be. Patience ! patience ! a wise happiness is the result of such teaching.

And now, after this contention on grand principles with the circumstantial school, we are willing to concede in the detail whatever is just. We concede cheerfully that it is better for every human being that its circle should be composed of the good and the wise, than of the wicked and the foolish. We have no objection to range around every child the best experience of the pious and the sage. For, doubtless, if the soul should elect for the better, it will advantageously use such external materials ; or if its choice should be for the worse, the prosecution of its designs will meet with little to facilitate them. But, after all, the great question rests between the soul and the law—between the mind and the conscience. We may obstruct the *display* of psychical tendencies, or we may throw open the arena for their action, but over the tendencies themselves we have no control. They being immortal, are higher than our external influences, and are uncontrollable save by the Supreme.

And whatever may be the great human examples which we point out to the youthful student, let no attempt be made to inculcate a poor copy of a previous model. In the mechanical, the present already transcends the past : such also must be said as to the mental and the spiritual.

For, see how we are mere mummers, and all because we have limited originality. Nay, even those whom we now bless as originals, their friends would in youth have prohibited from being so. Fortunately, in their case, the nature was too vivid for repression, and chose utterance, at whatever cost, rather than ignominious silence. Be not deceived ; it is because there is so little faith as to the original, that there is so little vitality in religion and philosophy. We are poor cravens—we fight no battles—we blazon the name of some hero on our standards, and are frequent at parade in unsoled uniforms. Not thus gay and glittering in mirror-like armour were the champions whom we venerate. Not thus marching after some embroidered name were found Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Bacon, Locke, Berkley, Coleridge, or Kant. Not thus calling themselves by some human name, and exhibiting to the world in trim costume, were Luther, Wickliffe, and the great reformers of all ages. Their garments were stained in the conflict ; their swords were hacked in the warfare. Say that there were fewer attestations to the merit of tailor, and to the adorning of cutler ; yet were there more testimonies to valour and to earnestness of purpose.

We have little more to add—nothing more in the way of controversy. We would only observe, that if our reasoning be right, there is much reform requisite in our theological philosophy. As we have spoken, not in animosity but in charity, so we claim to be heard with patience. Were we vindictive or malicious, we should have used, in the course of our argument, not unfrequent opportunities for contemptuous satire. But God forbid ! We have had sufficient expe-

rience of mankind to know that there is in its grossest fallacies, a kind of consistency not lightly to be mocked. We have addressed ourselves principally to Christian professors; to whom, if not to them, can we appeal for attention on these topics, so interwoven with the vital interests of religion? Great joy have we in knowing that within the pale of the church* are many, and those her ministers, who perceive that the consistent *a posteriori* reasoner must be an Atheist. And for this simple reason, that all impressions derived from the finite, are more transient than the finite; as every effect is less enduring than its cause. We throw down the gauntlet to the world on this one point.

The sequences of our argument are of vital import. When it is perceived that all creeds originate from the feelings, a necessity will arise for dealing, not with opinions, or the expression of opinions, but with the source of opinions.

The expression of obnoxious opinions, it will be seen, may be forcibly restrained; but the evil opinions themselves can only be touched through their source. Their source is the feelings, and these, though they may be won by love, cannot be coerced by power.

Thus, then, we have, consistently with *a priori* philosophy, loving kindness from the Church to her erring children.

If we say that the feelings may be won by charitable treatment, it is not meant to allege that the treatment exerts any influence over the feelings; but that they are thus furnished with every facility for Christian action at those better moments which, in the revolutions of time, come to all.

Again—knowing that our faith is derived from an inward and eternal origin, we shall not dread, as we now do, to come into daily contact with the wicked. There seems to be a doctrine held by many that the stars should precipitately retreat as the night comes on. But, although this doctrine be held of the stars, it has never been held by the stars. Personal exhibitions of Christianity in all its affectionate, though solemn character, are the most vital services that can be rendered to the unchristian.

Finally—it will be perceived, that as all external doctrines are but the exponents of inward principles, nothing that has yet been achieved by any outward system, whether of morals or philosophy, can compete with the inherent powers whence it is derived, nor form any boundary to limit the future theories of mankind. We shall appeal from the recorded belief of every sage, to that which inspired it. We shall not be governed by the codes of men, but we shall test their declarations by those antecedent intuitions common to us and them. Hitherto we have generally too much resembled sail-less vessels, towed by the more fortunate ones which mount their own canvass. We must hoist our own—we must no longer be attached to the sterns of those who with us constitute the great fleet of humanity. Why should we be dragged along in the course of others? There is the same breeze to urge us that impels them. And need we direction on the voyage to eternity? The wind that wafts is even the pilot that guides.

J. W. M.

* The whole (*noumenal*) body of sincere Christians is intended by the word "Church."